





A Yankee Major Invades Belgium





GIVING OUT WOODEN SHOES IN THE GARDEN OF ENVOY
JULES HUBINOUT AT MARCHIENNES-AU-PONT. THE
MAJOR BY THE STATUE.

A Yankee Major Invades Belgium

The Chronicle of a Merciful and Peaceful
Mission to Europe During the World War

By
GEORGE TAGGART
and
WALLACE WINCHELL

ILLUSTRATED



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THE thought paramount in presenting this circumstantial chronicle of a mission of mercy has been that the spirit of love, forgiveness and good will that sweetens a home or a neighborhood, is the same spirit that will make possible a permanent world peace.

The labors of Major Wallace Winchell along this line, expressive of the sentiment and propagating the idea, are known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but a brief review of his successful work, among the most refractory elements of society, will serve to show the wisdom of his leaders in choosing him for the difficult task in Europe.

Born in Oswego County, N. Y., in 1866, Wallace Winchell's parents took him with them, three years later, to Charlotte, Mich., where they made their home. As a senior in the high school at Charlotte, young Winchell became a member of the Salvation Army, which, in those days, was held in contempt and ridicule. In anger, the father, a Civil War veteran, turned out the young lad, who continued his studies, however, graduating in 1886. Applying for Salvation Army work, he was accepted as an officer. The mother stood by the young Salvationist and the father was won back after three years.

As has been said, the Army was bitterly perse-

cuted at that time. One night a mob placed dynamite with a thirty-minute fuse under the old rink where a service was being held. Ten minutes after the people had left the building, it was blown to atoms. Every night there were riots and many soldiers of the Army were mobbed or imprisoned.

For three years Winchell weathered these stormy days of rowdyism and official persecution, then characteristic of the Michigan small towns. At Ovid he was beaten by a mob night after night, often being used as a football, but he stuck it out, giving God the glory. Here also the meeting-place was destroyed and the Bible and Stars and Stripes were burned in the streets. In the same town he was taken from the hoodlums by the local marshal and put in a filthy lock-up, charged with the heinous offense of "preaching in the streets." A group of farmers, armed with guns and pitchforks, demanded that he be accorded his rights as an American citizen and he was released. A subscription paper was circulated and a hall (Salvation Army property) was built.

Major Winchell has held many important commands in the Army, being as well known in Boston, Chicago, Pittsburgh and San Francisco as in and around New York City.

In 1891 he married Captain Ida May Harris, then commanding work in New England and in charge of the rink in Cambridge where she drew two thousand persons nightly for eight months, including many University students. Captain Harris had

opened sundry large cities to the Army and had been a factor for good throughout New England, by reason of her earnest, sweet personality and her intellectual attainments.

For eight years they jointly directed the institution for training cadets in Chicago, in which city they rented the great Princess Rink, where thousands crowded every night and many remarkable conversions were recorded. Here it was that Major Winchell subpoenaed the well-known agnostic, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, in a mock trial of Satan, precipitating a controversy that aroused comment all over this country as well as in Europe.

In 1897 the Winchells were detailed to organize the famous Fort Romie colony for the unemployed in Salinas Valley, California. The Mayor of San Francisco, Hon. James D. Phelan, now United States Senator, the late Claus Spreckles, and the Chamber of Commerce of that city, following Winchell's program, established that immense philanthropic work the success of which was so noteworthy that H. Rider Haggard was commissioned by the British Government to visit the colony and report upon it. ("The Poor and the Land," by H. Rider Haggard; Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1905.) The idea was "waste labor on waste land by means of waste capital, converting the trinity of waste into the unity of production." Major and Mrs. Winchell returned last year to visit this poor man's paradise after an absence of seventeen years.

For eleven years the Winchells have had charge

of Salvation Army work in Jersey City. The Major's methods of rescuing drunkards by stretchers, cabarets and cocktails have won world renown. Many men once in high positions but gone down into the wreckage have been restored to happy, useful lives.

As a successful, practical peacemaker, the Major has a unique reputation. The old Horseshoe district in Jersey City had long been known as one of the toughest sections about New York. Gangsters would meet nightly for stone fights. Men, women, even little children, would join in and serious, often fatal, injuries resulted. "Gamintowners" would fight "Hobokens," while Irish, Poles and Italians would exploit their individual grudges in battles royal. The fine, large, new Salvation Army building was a target for those who loved war. It was stoned regularly and so were its inmates.

From his office window, one day, Major Winchell saw a surging mob in a desperate affray. A young Irish girl, battling with a Polish woman, was overcome and knocked senseless. Men picked her up and, quickly recovering, she seized a derelict dishpan and proceeded energetically to pound the Polish head. A general mix-up ensued and, into the midst of it, rushed the Major with a bouquet of roses. The Irish girl's father had drawn a revolver and the Polish woman had produced a long butcher's knife, but an appeal to their better natures prevailed and the Irish lass was persuaded to present the roses to her enemy. The two women

became friends, the spirit of good will extending throughout the entire section. News of this achievement went all over the State with the result that the Major receives daily, in season, large consignments of flowers for distribution among all factions.¹ His big sightseeing auto, loaded with children of all nationalities, drives through the benighted district, leaving a trail of floral glory. Not a stone fight has there been in the section since the bouquet incident of five years ago. Now the police have only two or three arrests a week whereas forty or fifty were customary a few years ago.

The police and firemen of Jersey City, in expression of the esteem in which Major and Mrs. Winchell are held, made possible their trip to the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco in 1915.

Crap shooting, a petty form of street gambling, used to be popular with thousands of young lads, but Major Winchell habitually entered the rings of gamblers and appealed to their manhood. The outcome was that, upon invitation, the boys either knelt on the sidewalk or raised their hats while the Major prayed for them. By pledges, extracted from the boys, the game is fast disappearing and the youths are aspiring to better things. The Major's auto, trolley and boat rides for children are widely known features of his Jersey City labors. His earnest efforts to turn the attention of the poor and weak to the noble and true things of life have

¹ The National Flower, Plant and Fruit Guild furnishes most of the flowers.

helped in the making of Jersey City. He has co-operated with the courts and with the Chamber of Commerce in city planning, and the present successful commission form of government (the first large Eastern city to adopt this form) has made this community one of the most attractive in the environs of Greater New York, a fact evidenced by the costly new apartments and other buildings constantly looming up within its confines.

Three years ago Winchell was sent to Ohio to direct a relief party among the flood sufferers. When called to Belgium, the Major was well equipped by years of successful experience to meet the ever new conditions. The story of his adventures in tumultuous Europe cannot fail to interest the reader.

Victories won along these lines, by his abiding faith in the power of love to make for peace, were officially recognized by a civic banquet under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce in Jersey City upon his return from Europe, Colonel Austen Colgate presiding, and various distinguished citizens, among them the Governor and the Mayor, attesting their appreciation of the labors of this sterling American.

Peace has been his watchword; Peace is the key-note of his tale of work abroad; and it is his sincere belief, as he forecasts in his closing chapter, that the coming of Peace on Earth, Peace in the Human Heart, is to solve all of the problems of the nations.

G. T.

Preface

I AM indebted to Mr. George Taggart, newspaperman and playwright, in writing this story from material which I had given him, but in offering this volume to the public I assume personally all responsibility for its contents.

Describing work being accomplished by various organizations, I have endeavored to make it all a true record. These societies are doing an indispensable and far-reaching work under most trying circumstances.

I had no thought of writing a book. While lecturing, on my return, upon my experiences in Belgium, many people urged me to present my story in book form. They stated that many throughout the entire country would be eager to learn of my unique mission and its results. I have had little more in the way of personal notes than the correspondence with my wife, written before and after I was in Belgium, as no American mail is allowed to enter or to leave that country. Through the permission of the German authorities, I brought away my report to our London headquarters, the letter of the Brussels Chamber of Commerce and letters from the children, together with photographs and souvenirs. I include also the story of Dr. Maximo

Asenjo which I sent as correspondent of the New York *Sun*.

My sincere hope is that the book may accomplish a twofold mission :

First—That it may stir the people's sympathies in behalf of those poor Belgian children whom I learned to love as they have learned to love the American people in return for what the President and the American Commission have done for them. This help must be continued until the end of the war.

Second—That it may promote the World Peace movement which is absolutely necessary for the era of reconstruction after the war.

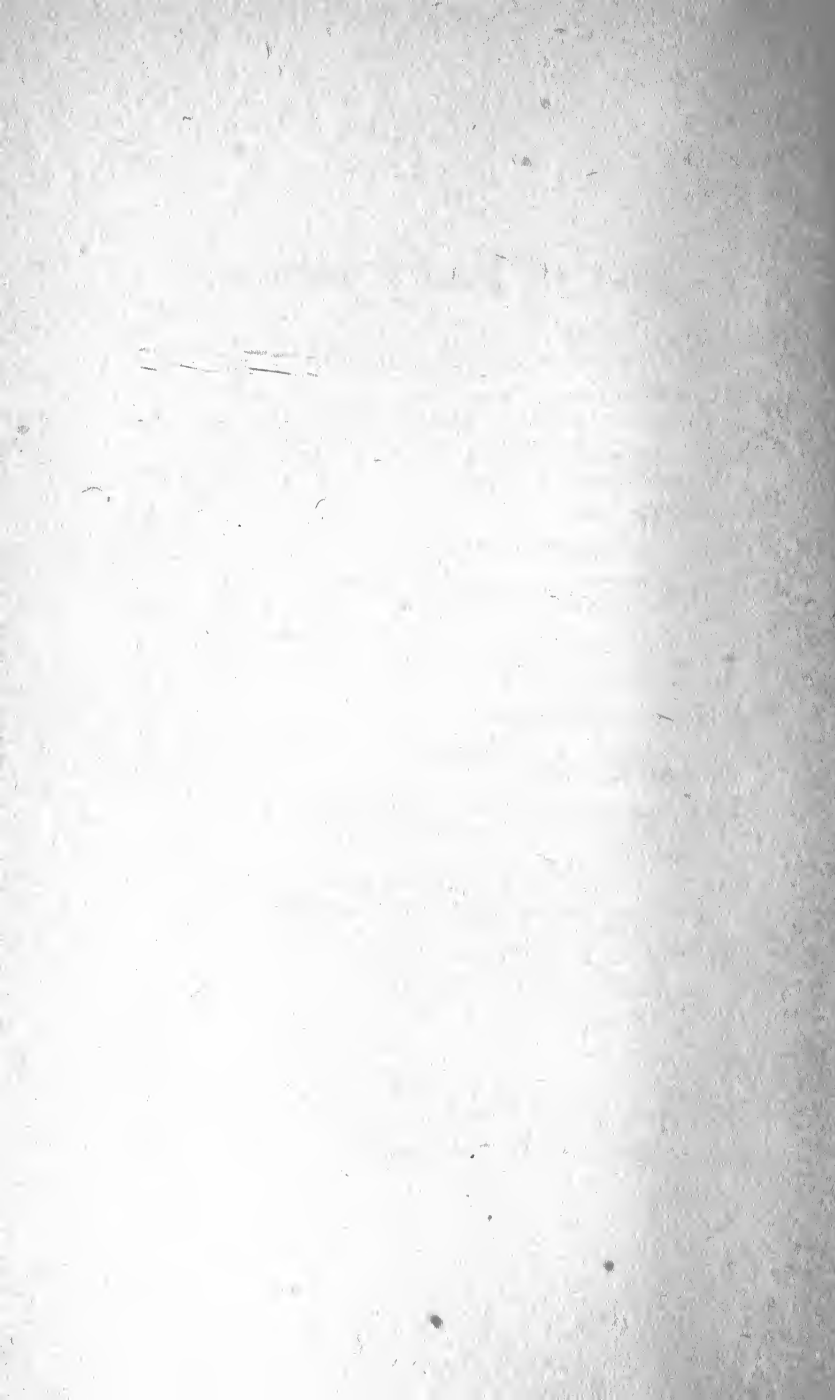
I send the story forth with gratitude to God whose loving care was with me in all dangers, seen and unseen, and who gave to me such marvellous victories. I also pray that this book may cheer those who have contributed their toil and money to help worthy causes during this era of havoc and destitution.

WALLACE WINCHELL.

*Jersey City, N. J.,
Sept. 5, 1916.*

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Mod. Bahnh. Kom. 5. III

Leisnig, den 4. I. 1916.

Vorgangsmappe, des amtskommissarischen
Stationsinspektors Wallace Henschel, hat der
Landkreis die Einsprüche nach Preisel in der
Hochwasser zur Kenntnis

Entschieden hat sich bei Prüfung in
Preisel. bei der politischen Abteilung zu
melden.

Kopie muß gelöst werden.
Gültig nur für 5. Januar 1916.



Der Inspektor: *Domagala 5. III*

W. Grotzer

Langemann in Leisnig

Letters of Introduction and Endorsement

*State of New Jersey
Executive Department.*

October 5, 1915.

MY DEAR MR. WINCHELL :

I am glad to learn that you have been chosen to take charge of the Salvation Army relief work in Belgium, because it opens such a large field for the exercise of your great talents, but as a citizen of Jersey City, I am sorry our city is to lose the benefit of your future services. When you go, take with you my sincere wishes for your welfare and success. It may be well to have a statement from me as Governor of New Jersey, that you are of American stock, and a native born citizen of the United States.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) JAMES F. FIELDER,
Governor.

Letters of Introduction

*Department of Public Safety
City Hall,
Jersey City, N. J.*

October 7, 1915.

MAJOR WALLACE WINCHELL,
Jersey City, N. J.

My dear Major :

I regret very much that you are going to leave Jersey City, the home of your activities for many years past, but in selecting you to go to Belgium to carry on the work which you are capable, the head of the Salvation Army showed great wisdom. I trust that your duties there will not require you to stay any longer than is absolutely necessary, for I believe your presence is greatly needed in Jersey City where you have done such excellent work.

As head of the Police Department of Jersey City, I have often had occasion to congratulate you upon the aid you have rendered to members of the Department. Your sympathy and kindness for unfortunate men and women have done much towards bringing them to a sense of their duties and making of them better men and women.

I know of no one who has rendered more valuable service for the uplifting of mankind than yourself and I know that in your field of duty you will be as faithful as you have been during your activities in this city.

I wish you Godspeed on your journey.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) FRANK HAGUE,

Director of Public Safety.

*St. Patrick's Rectory,
Jersey City, N. J.*

October 7, 1915.

MY DEAR MAJOR WINCHELL:

While I am sorry to hear of your departure from our midst, I am glad to know your superiors have recognized your work, and are sending you to new pastures where you can labor for the glory of God and the salvation of your fellow men. Since I first met you or knew you, I have watched you and I highly commend your zeal and energy. You have done an incalculable amount of good in Jersey City and your big heart went out to the poor souls by the wayside at every opportunity. The poor and the desolate and the street urchin will miss you, but may their prayers follow you beyond the sea.

We wish you every success in your new and different field of labor. The harvest is great; may you, the reaper, succeed in filling the granary.

Good-bye, and may God bless you.

I am, very sincerely yours,

(Signed) E. A. KELLY,

Rector.

*National Headquarters,
120 West 14th Street,
New York.*

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN :

This will introduce to you

MAJOR WALLACE WINCHELL OF THE
SALVATION ARMY,

who has been associated with the movement for upwards of thirty years, holding important and responsible positions in the ranks.

Major Winchell, who is an American born and trained officer, has for the past few years been in charge of the Salvation Army social work in Jersey City, New Jersey, U. S. A., where his efforts have met with great success, and where by his enterprise, warm-hearted endeavors and faithful service, he has endeared himself to all sections of the community. His absence from his special activities in the city will be sincerely regretted.

It is a pleasure to me to recommend this officer to you. He has the confidence, respect and esteem of all his comrades in the United States.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
*Commander of the Salvation Army forces
in the United States of America.*

5th October, 1915.

*Department of Public Affairs,
Jersey City, N. J.*

October 4, 1915.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN :

I have just learned of the intention of Major Wallace Winchell of the Salvation Army to leave Jersey City, and if it were not that I know he is going to a greater field in which to render service, I would say that his leaving our city is a real cause for regret.

Major Winchell's life among us has been an admirable one and it will be difficult, if not impossible, to fill the place left vacant by his departure.

He leaves with the blessings and best wishes of his fellow citizens who feel proud that he has been chosen to engage in a work so noble, and to those with whom he will come in contact I commend him, knowing that they will soon learn to appreciate his services as we have.

Very respectfully yours,

MARK M. FAGAN,

Mayor.



I

The Major's Call

THE telephone rang.

The leader of the Salvation Army social forces in Northern New Jersey, Major Wallace Winchell, was just donning his uniform coat and cap to supervise a free ride for Jersey City's poor children in his big sightseeing auto.

"Major," said his secretary, "Colonel Parker, National Headquarters, is on the wire."

Then, from the telephone, came this message: "You'll faint when you hear what I have to tell you, Major. Are you ready for a new appointment?"

Ten long years in Jersey City had endeared Major Winchell and his good wife to all the people. The suggestion of a new appointment was a poser indeed.

"Where?" asked the Major. "Near New York?"

"Not very near," came the answer. "It's Belgium. London wants a native American trained officer to distribute a relief fund among the people of Belgium and you are the man they have chosen."

"I decline," was the prompt rejoinder. "'Tis

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not for me to meet a submarine or a bomb or a bayonet charge, or to be shot as a spy. Jersey City is good enough for me. Please find some one who has no family."

"Well, think it over ; pray about it," replied the Colonel. "You are the man for whom they have cabled."

Immediately the Major called up his wife who had fought Salvation battles at his side for the twenty-five years of their married life. This was the first thought of a parting. Mrs. Winchell, from the age of sixteen when she first enlisted in the Salvation Army, had been taught: "The Kingdom first—personal interests secondarily." It was a hardship but, heroically, she made no opposition. Moreover she volunteered and successfully managed the Major's work in Jersey City during his absence.

A fortnight passed and then came the tidings that International Headquarters in London had cabled imperatively that Major Winchell alone would serve the purpose and that he must sail within the week. Already the need of poor Belgium, with its cities in heaps of ruin, its starving millions, its weeping, helpless fathers, mothers and little children, was very present in its mute appeal to the mind of the Major. Hence the second call came not unheeded.

Preparations for the trip were made with the Major fully realizing that he would be confronted by all sorts of difficulties in getting through the fortified frontiers. A visit to Washington secured

a passport signed by the Secretary of State and a personal letter from Hon. Joseph Tumulty, secretary to President Wilson, a townsman of the Major's. Feeling that other testimonials would be of more help in his mission than so many battle-ships, the Major secured such from prominent men who knew him and his work in Jersey City and elsewhere—Governor Fielder of New Jersey, President Austen Colgate of the Jersey City Chamber of Commerce, of which the Major is a member; Mayor Mark M. Fagan and Frank Hague, Director of Public Safety of Jersey City; various members of Congress and others armed the Major for his conquest of European forces as a military man representing the Army of the Lord.

October 9, 1915, Major Winchell sailed on S. S. *New York* of the American Line for Liverpool and London to report at Salvation Army International Headquarters for orders. There was hardly another American passenger, the ship's company comprising chiefly wives and children from the Land of the Maple Leaf on their way to be near loyal Canadian husbands and fathers who had volunteered to the king's colors. Posting of wireless bulletins provided the principal excitement of the voyage, particularly on October 14th, when came the news of a Zeppelin raid on London itself, sixty persons having been killed.

The passengers had knowledge that the ship was laden with a part of the big loan of American bankers to the Allies and heavily provisioned with

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foodstuffs for their troops. Thus, when the *New York* entered upon the waters where the *Lusitania* and the *Arabic* had been sunk only a few weeks before by deadly torpedoes, there were many anxious hearts on board. Passing through St. George's Channel, during the last night out, not a few passengers remained on deck with life-belts fastened about them. Next morning it was said that a submarine had appeared alongside in the small watches of early morning but, sighting the *New York's* illuminated Stars and Stripes, had respectfully stolen away.

Railroading from Liverpool to London, many men were seen in the khaki uniform of His Majesty's service. On arrival in the capital, thousands more were to be seen at every turn, countless numbers of whom, wounded at the front and recovered in hospital, heard again the call of their country and rallied once more to the flag. London streets seemed as in other days; men went their ways without apparent apprehension, yet who could tell what horrors might be hiding behind the sombre clouds overhead, who could say when a daring Zeppelin might drop a bomb upon the peaceful scene? Philosophically, the Major mused that more than an umbrella would be required to ward off bombs and that, as no one knew where they might fall, one might as well remain content wherever one happened to be. People, he was told, had acquired the habit of rushing frantically down into the "tuppenny tube" or subway when-

ever Zeppelins were reported near, but "these Teutonic terrors of the air" come and go so quickly that one would be likely to be caught before reaching any place of safety.

One Sunday morning at Ilford, near the great arsenal at Woolwich, the Major's sermon was interrupted by loud explosions outside, and a voice crying, "There is an air raid. The Germans are above the clouds. Close the meeting!" Crashing and booming the sounds continued, until the worshippers all rushed to the open air.

"It was a bright day with fleecy clouds," relates the Major, "an ideal condition for Zeppelins or sea-planes to look down for their marks without detection. Nothing did we see of the fighting beyond the clouds although the first ones out of the meeting plainly observed one aeroplane winging back towards the Belgian coast."

Newspapers and periodicals have dwelt upon the enlistment excitements in London, upon the thousands at the recruiting stations in Trafalgar Square and the Royal Exchange, and upon the tens of thousands who gathered about to view these history-making episodes and to cheer every new contingent of volunteers. In sharp crescendo rose the tumult as, now and then, regiments in immaculate new khaki passed on their way to the battle-fields. Ever and anon, in streets, in trams, in hotels, in theatres, in churches, in every sort of place where men met, was discernible an under-current of intensely bitter hatred of the Germans,

a hatred which found vent in frequent outspoken malevolent expressions if not in actual riotous demonstrations. There were threats of strikes in shops where English workmen refused to work with German laborers and in very many minor ways this show of malice made itself felt and seen.

A London paper published the story of how Major Winchell, on one occasion, had quelled a riot between Poles and Irish in New Jersey by means of bouquets of flowers and there was much comment upon this method of pacification.

"If you are going to Germany, Major," said one Londoner, "you might prevail upon the Kaiser to send his Zeppelins over London to drop bouquets rather than murderous bombs."

"Well, ladies and gentlemen," returned the Major, "if you will persuade the war leaders here to take the initiative by despatching a shipload of milk to the German babies, I will undertake to meet the German war lords and see to it that the flowers are dropped in place of the bombs. Much as I am averse to dizzy heights, I would gladly risk the adventure myself were it to end the war. Love is the fulfillment of the law, international or otherwise. This war will never cease until love becomes strong enough for you to forgive your enemies, even though they be Germans."

"Don't talk foolishness," was the reply. "If you pose, at this time, as a messenger of peace, you will be arrested and examined as to your sanity."

So obsessed is the European mind with thoughts of war that the continental peoples are amazed by the prevalent talk of peace and peacemaking in America. Probably there was, before the war, no American better known in Europe than Mr. Henry Ford. Europeans found difficulty in understanding that a man who had accumulated so very many dollars in the manufacture of automobiles should be unwilling to add to his wealth by selling motors to the warring nations. They could not comprehend that a business man of his recognized caliber should not accept their money for armament. It passed their understanding, with the world's greatest war in progress, that a real neutral sentiment should exist anywhere.

Going so far as did Mr. Henry Ford in chartering a ship and using his wealth to bring his party to Europe in a peacemaking pilgrimage was an undertaking in flagrant discord with war's knell of death. It was absurd, it was the apex of consummate folly, declared the malignant peoples. Yet, while the babel of battle has detracted to a certain degree from the immediate efficacy of the peace mission, in years to come the work which goes forward even now in Europe will bear the fruit of lasting results.

"It seems strange," said Major Winchell in conversation upon this very present theme, "that the followers of Christ who are commanded to be peacemakers should be regarded as madmen."

II

The Armies that Save Amid the Armies that Destroy

WAR is paradoxical. On the surface of things, soldiers of both sides are rushing the contending Juggernauts of War under the wheels of which it seems that civilization must be crushed, together with millions already slain.

But, while the leaders of nations are pouring out the vials of malice and one would feel that God had forsaken man in the folly of his own destruction, mighty forces are working for the regeneration of the race. The press is filled with accounts of attacks and counter attacks, the business of destruction and the political and financial bearing of the war's progress.

Yet forces are being exercised to overcome evil. The armies that save are toiling, day and night, in the trenches and in the camps for the salvation of the troops morally and socially. For obvious reasons, very little can be said now but, after the war, volumes will be filled recounting these victories.

It was Major Winchell's privilege to come in touch, more or less, with some of these agencies.

He heard from those who were carrying on this noble work the details of what was being accomplished. The clergy of all denominations have bravely taken their places as chaplains while thousands of Christian laymen, caring not to take up arms, have entered Red Cross work in which they can minister to the spiritual needs of the fighting men.

This war has made a new France. Known in the past as a frivolous, fun-loving infidel nation, the new France will be, after the war, altogether different.

There are in the great conflict no more thrilling achievements than the heroism of Catholic priests, taking their stand in the thickest of the battles and attending to the souls of the dying soldiers, many dying themselves in devotion to their duty.

No greater work is being done in the Allied ranks than that of the Young Men's Christian Association. Major Winchell was so fortunate as to meet Major Gerald Walker Birks, millionaire jeweler of Montreal, Canada, and an international secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Major Birks is a fine type of the Canadian who, forsaking wealth and ease, volunteers to fight for the British army. But, having the Christian idea of things, he could see that a greater menace to the Canadian troops than the fire of the enemy was the degradation of the boys by the immoral influences of what are known as "camp followers." The number of soldiers who have been poisoned by venereal diseases is alarm-

ing. Mothers have more to fear from this source than in the thought of a soldier's death, and hence have been reluctant to permit their sons to enlist.

Major Birks and the Rev. George Adams of London are now in Canada raising a quarter of a million fund to extend Y. M. C. A. work in the way of providing "huts," as they are called—large social buildings wherein the boys may gather to spend their leisure time. Here the Christian touch is felt and the minds of the soldiers are turned away from sin. The great work of the Y. M. C. A. has scarcely been mentioned in the American press, but it is nevertheless vast and far reaching.

The International Headquarters of the Salvation Army in London is the scene of globe-girdling activities, the heart and nerve centre of Salvationists whence arteries pulsate into the miasma of the great cities, into their hotbeds of crime and into their poverty rows.

Thence are despatched the missionaries who toil and sacrifice for the reclamation and rehabilitation of the drunkard, the thief, the fallen woman of the streets, the careless, the indifferent, the infidel. From here consecrated men and women go forth among the millions who tread the hot sands of India's jungles or the fever-stricken isles of Java, ministering to the darkened heathen of China and to the lepers isolated in colonies in out-of-the-way places of the earth.

The International Headquarters represents an organization preëminently evangelistic. Its social

enterprises but serve the great purpose of saving lost souls and bringing them into submission to the Saviour who laid down His life for them upon the Cross.

During the present war the Salvation Army has had to readjust its operations more or less to meet necessities occasioned by hostilities. This great conflict which has separated comrades by battle-lines has not interfered with the motto, "Christ for all the world." In England, the Army has arranged to purchase and provision ambulances which are driven by Salvationists to the very battle-front. In December, 1914, London saw a remarkable demonstration when five of these motor ambulances were formally dedicated by General Bramwell Booth at the Guildhall before an immense gathering over which the Lord Mayor presided. The cars, each eighteen feet in length and costing about \$2,000, were fully equipped as moving hospitals and were painted in khaki color with the Red Cross prominently displayed.

General Booth, after stating that the bulk of the money for them had been subscribed by poor people, said: "My own feeling is that perhaps the governments of the various countries, who spend fabulous sums and devote the highest skill of their various peoples to the promotion of instruments of destruction, might have given a little more attention to those which are necessary for helping the wounded; and I regret that it should be necessary, after war has broken out, to find in this and other

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ways which are being employed, the appliances for that relief."

Fully forty ambulance cars are now in service at the front. Their usefulness and efficiency were demonstrated at once. The Ambulance Unit, as it was christened, comprises nurses, orderlies and drivers who combine in constant effort to hasten the wounded from the firing line to the hospitals. Often a shattered trooper, being lifted into the ambulance, will glance up at the nurse, recognize the Salvation Army uniform and gasp: "Why, I'm a Salvationist! I'm on the Soldiers' Roll at home. At last I've landed on the Salvation car."

When General Booth recently dedicated six additional cars at the Congress Hall, Clapton, the occasion was made memorable by the presence of several officers who had seen service with the corps first sent out and who told of thrilling battle-front adventures, of souls saved at the very jaws of death. These heroes and heroines showed plainly signs of the strain and tension of months at the front, deeply impressing the great assemblage. One among them, Adjutant Lucy Lee, told of visiting the field hospitals regularly, leaving at each bed two sheets of writing paper, two envelopes, a pencil, a bar of chocolate, a box of peppermints, a Testament and a tract. She, like her fellows in the field, has strung around her neck note-books in which to enter names and addresses of wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts and others to whom suffering soldiers beg her to write. Half-

a-dozen pencils, sharpened at both ends, are stuck into buttonholes of her jacket, ready for instant use, as not a moment must be lost through worn-down points or broken pencils in visiting 400 bed-sides a day.

Towards the end of last year, the British Salvation Army workers were permitted to enter French field hospitals and more than a few converts resulted by visits of French soldiers to the corps hall at Nimes, one recruit to God's service being a French colonel's son.

In England the Salvation Army early in the war placed at government disposal every one of its many buildings and halls, 183 of which have been used to advantage by the authorities. The Army has opened in England 130 rest, refreshment and recreation rooms for soldiers while, in warm weather, tents have been employed for like purposes. Branch post-offices are attached to many of these resting-places which are in charge of experienced married officers, and the presence of a good, sympathetic woman of the ideal, priceless Salvation Army type is of untold value. The wife "mothers" the troops, sends messages to their wives, parents or sweethearts, is confidante and counsellor on a multitude of questions, nurse for little ailments, mends the clothes when needed, and aids in all the countless directions in which a motherly woman's talents are indispensable. The officers, as a rule, have knowledge of "first aid" and cases of slight mishap are often taken to the

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Salvation Army rest rather than to a local hospital. It is estimated that as many as 650,000 men take advantage each week of the hospitality of these places. On both sides of the firing lines Salvationists are teaching men how to live and how to die.

A story in point concerns the song, "Tipperary," so popular with the British soldiery. The wife of a Birmingham Salvationist, who had volunteered to fight for his country, said to him: "I can compose better words for you to sing as you march along." Accordingly she wrote the following to the tune of "Tipperary":

On the ocean of love and mercy,
To the home land I go.
I am determined to trust the journey
To the safest hands I know.
Good-bye, sin and folly,
Farewell, worldly care!
For the port of Glory lies before me
And my home is there!

This song the comrade sang as he was marching to the advance. The man next, hearing the words, asked what they were and was given a copy. Soon the entire regiment had learned the new words to the merry air of "Tipperary" and they became popular by reason of their spiritual sentiment.

Among the innumerable Salvationist officers who have done valiant service is Lieutenant-Colonel

Joseph McKenzie who came with the Australian troops to the peninsular campaign. Wherever the battle raged fiercest, he was in the midst, helping by his prayers and by his words of good cheer. There was no task too difficult for him. He cared for the personal necessities of all with whom he came in contact. Hard work and devotion to duty won for him the sobriquet of "Holy Joe." All the troops loved him. He seemed always to have a supply of whatever was needed. Let the want be made known, he would produce the required article. No chaplain or other Christian worker among the soldiers could draw a larger crowd on a Sunday because the men all loved "Holy Joe" and they believed in him.

The faith and Christian bravery of some rough, illiterate British Salvationists, the peace and happiness constantly manifested by these diamonds in crude state, and their amazing power over the unconverted have been subjects of frequent comment. One such is told about who found himself in the barrack dormitory for the first time. Cursing, swearing and ribaldry were all around him. Surely, he fancied, it were easier to go into action than to kneel and pray in such a company, yet in the courage of conviction he knelt and prayed. There were a few whistles and jeers, a boot and a pillow were flung at him, but he did not move. The cursing gradually subsided and there was silence in the room. Next day, several men sought him out to say that they, too, were

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Christians but had not dared face that fire alone and, at night, they also knelt in prayer unmolested. By degrees the unpolished but sincere Salvationist became "the conscience of the company."

Sufficient men to form an entire battalion were recruited from Salvation Army institutions. These men, robbed of the physical attributes essential to the soldier, were received in a state of unfitness. Yet, after months of good food, steady occupation, regular hours and the message of hope, they marched forth in splendid array to serve their king and country. Several of their number had formerly held regular army commissions but had lost them. They were reinstated. One clever fellow, a remarkable linguist who had been rescued by the Salvation Army from uttermost degradation, was promptly assigned to an important position in the Intelligence Department of the British forces.

What is termed an emergency home for sailors and soldiers is being run as an adjunct to the Salvation Army corps in Liverpool. This is an institution of rare usefulness and has proved of real value to upward of 3,000 service men.

It was established to meet an urgent need. A Salvation scout discovered that scores of sailors and soldiers who had arrived in the city during the night or had missed the last trains to further destinations were falling an easy prey to prowlers of the night and the number of men fleeced began

to assume such startling proportions that some action was demanded. To the great relief and joy of many, the Salvation Army came forward, took a three-story building, furnished it sufficiently, provided plenty of wholesome reading, blankets and pillows and, in addition, opened a refreshment buffet, setting to work to gather in the men.

A brigade of workers was formed and representatives were told off for duty at the various stations, while others patrolled the main city thoroughfares. Station and military police leagued themselves with the endeavor and happy results were achieved straightway. Many of the men so helped have been discharged from hospitals and convalescent camps. For the benefit of these a special room has been set apart, furnished by a leading shipping firm with thirty lounge deck chairs.

"This," says the captain in charge, "is certainly the most interesting room of the establishment. The men chat about things that happened 'somewhere in France,' of battles fought, of wounds received, and it is surprising how many have been cared for by Salvation Army ambulance cars and visited by Army sisters in the hospitals."

All sleeping accommodation in the home is free though a small charge is made for refreshments. Much good has been accomplished as a result of the little chats that officers manage to have with the men and a number of conversions have been recorded. One Canadian volunteer, a Salvationist,

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told of meetings held on the battle-line in France. "It would do your soul good," he said, "to hear one of my converts testify among his old comrades and to see how zealous the boy is in trying to secure the saving of others. God is making us a blessing. We have had some pretty lively times in the spiritual as well as in the terrestrial war. We have been greeted with stones and the like but we have had a rare old time just the same. The devil has put his foot in it again for we have been able to hold meetings in many sections and to claim many fresh listeners."

The influence of the Salvation Army throughout the terrible war has been a leaven which has saved and healed. Thousands who have gone to the front as sinners have accepted God's saving mercies in the camps and along the battle-front. The man behind all this monumental work, General Bramwell Booth, it was Major Winchell's privilege to meet in London before proceeding to the continent.

Major Winchell's interview with the General had been delayed three weeks because of an accident which befell the latter upon the day of the Major's arrival in England. Finally, however, it was arranged by Colonel Kitching, secretary for the European continent, for the American visitor to meet his distinguished leader and Mrs. Booth and to take tea with them. A very inspiring hour it was to the Major. The man upon whose shoulders has fallen the mantle of the founder of the Army is a masterful organizer of brilliant intellectual

capacity and a dynamo of spiritual power. He is about sixty years of age.

Of General Bramwell Booth as a public character a recent writer said :

"It is the rare business and executive ability of General Bramwell Booth, coupled with his devotion to the Salvation Army, his unswerving loyalty to the principles for which it stands, his steadfast refusal to be swayed by ism or schism, his strong and enduring affection for men whom he regarded as lost and his comprehensive knowledge of men and systems which made him available for the position he now occupies. As 'the Bishop of the Established Church of the Poor,' he is generally regarded in Salvation Army circles as a worthy successor of his illustrious father."

The General told the Major much of the relation of the Salvation Army work to the war. Particularly was he interested in the religious labors and the saving of souls. The poor people of Belgium in their great misfortunes, he said, bore heavily upon his heart. He had a fund that had been contributed for the purpose of feeding and clothing needy Belgians under Salvation Army ministrations. Something of the general scheme of relief work had been undertaken by Major Iseley of Switzerland at the beginning of the war but he had not been allowed to return after the border sentry had been organized by the German army.

For this reason an American had been called to assume the direction of the work and to continue

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the disbursement of the fund. Some notion of the scope of this undertaking may be gained by a glance at a list of the divisions of the work. Its five departments were :

1. Soup kitchens for school children.
2. Supplying milk for babies.
3. Grants of money to families in greatest need.
4. Clothing to the naked.
5. Securing land for the unemployed on which to raise potatoes.

After giving to Major Winchell his commission to undertake these labors, the General knelt and offered a powerful prayer for God's guidance in the difficulties that would be encountered and for the poor, unhappy world in its sin and war.

III

Dangers of the North Sea.—Winchell Mistaken for a Spy

LEAVING London in war time is not so easy as in times of peace. Major Winchell found his American passport was all right. That passport had been scrutinized most carefully before landing at Liverpool. The British official who boarded the ship, hearing explanations of the Major's work in Belgium, had imprinted his rubber stamp on the back of the document, giving entrance to England and with it the official's best wishes, for he had said: "May you have success in your noble mission."

To leave England, it was necessary to visit the permit bureau of the British War Office in Downing Street where, after careful investigation by the authorities, permission was granted and the passport viséed. Then permission to enter Holland had to be obtained at the office of the Dutch consul-general. While Holland is not at war, precautions are taken as strictly as if the country were actually involved in the great struggle.

Because of the submarine activities in the North Sea, no passenger vessels attempt to sail those waters at night. Boarding the *Batavier II* at

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Tilbury on the Thames and retiring to his state-room at ten P. M., Major Winchell awoke in the morning in what was described as "the mouth of the Thames" although no land was in sight. The crossing was altogether uneventful, quite unlike the return trip over the same North Sea which few people choose to travel over in these days. Returning there were scarcely a dozen passengers, whereas in normal times thousands would be crossing from all points between the various ports of the continent and England. Passenger lists nowadays comprise chiefly Red Cross nurses, government couriers and other officials and those who, like the Major, are compelled to journey on some important duty. Pleasure seekers are few and far between, and pleasures still fewer and farther between.

No mention being made subsequently of the Major's return voyage to America, this is a fitting place to describe briefly his recrossing of the North Sea, on the same ship, *Batavier II*. Early one morning, when the vessel was perhaps twenty miles from shore, the captain ordered every one to the upper deck saying:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you must all allow lifebelts to be adjusted. You must continue to wear them for the next six hours. We are now entering the field of mines where so many vessels have been sunk during the past eight weeks. We may strike a mine at any moment and no one knows what damage might result. You must remain up here. If anything happens to the ship and you are alive,

you can take to the life-boats." Then he indicated the particular boat that each passenger was to board in such an extremity.

The six hours that followed were truly of high tension. Here and there were objects floating on the water that to the untrained appeared to be mines. War vessels were passed, one a mine sweeper. When midway across, there came to view a large ship listing heavily and more than half submerged. Four or five war vessels were coming to the rescue. The disabled ship was the British auxiliary cruiser, *Fauvette*, which had been torpedoed half-an-hour earlier by a German submarine. Fourteen men had been killed and some fifty-seven survivors were rescued by the war vessels.

Upon arrival at Rotterdam, for some reason, no one was at the landing to guide the American through a city whose customs were strange to him and whose language he did not understand. But the Dutch are accomplished linguists. As a rule, any one in Holland, carrying an intelligent face, may be accosted safely in English (or German or French, for that matter) and usually he can make himself understood. Hence the Major soon found himself comfortably settled in a room at the famous cosmopolitan hostelry known as the Hotel Coomans. Expecting to stop only a day or two before proceeding to Belgium, he was ill-prepared for the cruel turn of Fate that ordered otherwise and held him here for many weeks.

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Weeks they were crowded with disappointment and suspense. One day would bring promises of early admission to his objective point, Belgium, and the next would discover the way blocked by almost insurmountable obstacles. It was a case of watching and waiting, repeated seemingly indefinitely.

Upon the first evening the Major strolled forth to see what Holland's representative city, Rotterdam, looked like in these times of war. He had heard, on the trip over, all kinds of stories of the varying systems of espionage maintained in this city, more than in any other place in the world, since the commencement of the war. He had been told of Dutch spies, English spies, Belgium spies, German spies and even American spies who would watch one's every move. Each arrival, coming to do hospital or relief work, hears these tales on all sides.

It was only natural to presume that people in hotels and streets were looking out for the interests of their various countries and the Major did not doubt that, with his unusual commission of an unusual character, he was especially a marked man. Had he been a regular Red Cross worker or a member of the American commission for relief in Belgium there would have been not so much question.

But the German authorities were not thoroughly conversant with the novel proposition. Under ordinary circumstances, of course, the Salvation Army commands the admiration of all nations and its soldiers pass unquestioned upon their efficient work of mercy and uplift. In times of

war, every man is an object of suspicion, especially if he comes from afar. Previous to the Major's appointment, the Army had striven to get into Belgium other officers of rank from neutral countries, notably Holland and Switzerland, to carry on this very task. Presumably they had failed because the Germans wished to ban all representatives of an organization originating in England and with headquarters in London, a ban promoted not so much for specific reasons as on general principles. The American Major was confronted by the same obstacles.

Before importing a representative from America, the Salvation Army officials in London had arranged with Mr. Herbert Hoover, head of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, to the end that a relief officer, while not a member of the Commission, might enter Belgium and work under its guidance and direction. A letter, issued by its manager, in Mr. Hoover's absence, read :

Inter-Office Communication
The Commission for Relief in Belgium

3 London Wall Buildings,
London, October 20, 1915.

DR. VERNON L. KELLOGG,
Director in Belgium, Commission for
Relief in Belgium, Brussels.

Dear Kellogg : This will introduce Major Wallace Winchell of the Salvation Army who has just ar-

rived from America and is proceeding to Belgium to take over the direction of his organization in that country.

Major Winchell has no connection with us, but, obviously, under such a man as he, the work of his organization will considerably aid our endeavors. It is because of this fact that Mr. Hoover took an interest in bringing him over and that we are now assisting him to reach Belgium.

He carries excellent credentials which, I am sure, he will be pleased to show you. I have no doubt you will welcome his arrival and encourage the pleasant relations which are called for in the circumstances.

With kind regards,

Very sincerely yours,

W. L. HOUNOLD.

The first morning, after reaching Rotterdam, Major Winchell made his way to 96 Haringvliet, headquarters of the Commission in that city, presenting his letter to Mr. C. A. Young, director in Holland. This gentleman, a fine type of an American, offered a whole-souled welcome, read the visitor's letters and testimonials, and promptly introduced him to the American consul who promised support. Then they proceeded to the German consulate.

Passport was duly presented and letters of recommendation shown. Mr. Young made an effort to secure for his guest the regular Commission pass to go by the motor car which operates from Rosendaal, Holland, to Brussels

and return thrice a week. But the German gentleman, Mr. Fischer, although exceptionally amiable, had his supply of Teutonic red tape to measure out, so he said :

“No. I must have instructions from headquarters in Brussels. This is not regular. Mr. Winchell is not a member of the Commission and he needs a regular pass.” Hundreds of Americans, coming to do business in Belgium, have been kept back in very nearly similar manner, though this fact was poor consolation.

“How long before instructions will be received ?” queried Major Winchell.

“I don’t know. Probably a week,” was the reply.

The week dragged slowly to a close and then a telegram to Politisch Abteilung in Brussels elicited the information that the pass was refused, that the Major could not enter Belgium. No reason was given to show why the door was closed against him. So a call was made upon the American Minister at The Hague, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, known to all the world for his brilliant writings. Major Winchell, like all other good Americans embarrassed in any way while in Holland, found that the Minister will stand by them and that Henry Van Dyke knows how to fight. His advice in this instance was to await Mr. Hoover’s return to Rotterdam and Brussels, announced for an early date.

Another fortnight of delay, spent chiefly among

the Belgian refugees in Holland, preceded the arrival of the relief commissioner. Mr. Hoover's name will live as that of a great American for his indefatigable and immensely successful efforts in feeding the Belgian sufferers. Assuring Major Winchell that his best endeavors would be enlisted in the attempt to straighten out difficulties and secure entrance into Belgium, Mr. Hoover proceeded to Brussels whence he returned in a week saying :

"I had a long interview about you, Major. The German authorities must have made some mistake. They have you down as a member of some espionage. You are under suspicion."

"Can they not comprehend," returned the Major, "that I am not here of my own choice and that I have a straight and honorable record? We have this fund to relieve suffering among the poor and it is a pity that it may not be disbursed for that object. I am fully aware that the few thousand dollars that I have is nothing compared with the work that your Commission is doing. It is only a drop in the bucket."

"Every drop counts," commented Mr. Hoover.

"Shall I remain in Holland or return to New York?" asked the Major, thoroughly discouraged.

"Wait here a few days," was the answer. "I'm returning to Brussels to-day and I will do whatever I can to effect the entrance into Belgium."

A few more days elapsed before Mr. Hoover came

back to Rotterdam bringing the tidings that the German authorities did not want Major Winchell in Belgium.

What was the Major to do ?

IV

The C. R. B.

WHEN in Rotterdam Major Winchell prepared a survey for the "Commission for Relief in Belgium." It was difficult to grasp its immensity.

"This is the modern miracle of the loaves," he remarked to Mr. Hoover, its organizer and director. "The feeding of Belgium, day after day, month after month, is an achievement that lifts America as the Angel of Mercy above the smoke and din of battle and makes it immortal in the world's supreme moment of hate and strife."

In Europe he found that President Wilson's administration is praised for this organized outpouring to little Belgium. The business men of that country appealed to Mr. Brand Whitlock, the American Minister, and to the Marquis de Villalobar, Spanish Minister, in Brussels, who in turn discussed the matter with Dr. Page, American Ambassador in London. Our honored President of the United States consented to head the movement which action on his part has facilitated immeasurably its success. Some one they must find with the influence and capacity to organize, and some



MAJOR WINCHELL WITH FRIEND, IN ROTTERDAM, STANDING ON CANAL BOAT AND VIEWING TRANSFER OF RELIEF WHEAT.



one who would be acceptable to Germans and Allies alike. Dr. Page named Herbert Hoover, an American, and it was for America as a nation to lead in the great work of succor. The name of Herbert Hoover will be written with the illustrious names in the annals of both America and Europe for what has been done in Belgium.

Before we tell of the work that he has directed during the past year, it will be interesting to recall the help that he gave to his fellow countrymen at the outbreak of the war. When hostilities were declared there was a stampede from the continent. England was swamped by stranded Americans, not stranded so much for lack of money but because no business concern or railway or steamship would recognize paper fiat or letters of credit. Gold or silver were the only things that would count. These Americans, not having either, were "up against it," as the vernacular goes. England had declared war. They all wanted to go home. But how could they get across the sea?

Herbert Hoover, whose mining interests have offices in London, saw the plight of these Americans. He had confidence in the integrity of his countrymen; whether or not this confidence would prove misplaced was not the question. They must be helped out of England. So he assisted one and all, white and black, by loaning gold on their personal notes. His faith in Americans was justified for, after the lapse of a year, he found that he had lost less than one per cent. The United States

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battle-ship *Tennessee* soon bore relief to the situation. Every State in the Union organized, the governors appointing representative men as chairmen to arrange appeals for funds, food and wearing apparel. Headquarters were established in London, New York, Rotterdam and Brussels. Other neutral governments, notably Spain and Holland, followed the example, and the response from everywhere has been unprecedented.

The entire movement directed by Mr. Hoover must of necessity be unselfish, unbiased and uncompromising in accomplishment of one task—feeding the starving of Belgium. Were anything to distract from this purpose, it must utterly fail. The work of relief was not to be of a day or a month, as in case of earthquake or flood disasters, but of one, two or more years until the war should end. Had the work been in the hands of a man less fitted, it would have been wrecked long ago.

Major Winchell recently discussed the matter with Dr. Henry Van Dyke, at The Hague, who described how many times the movement had glided narrowly past the danger rocks. Here be it known that Dr. Van Dyke's counsel has been of inestimable value to Mr. Hoover and the Commission.

Such a Commission, it was early realized, must necessarily embrace two distinctive organizations working in perfect harmony, hence these were formulated:

First: The Commission itself, the "C. R. B.," to

find funds and attend to buying, shipping, lightering and distribution to the various centres of Belgium.

Second : The organization of responsible Belgians to receive the foodstuffs, bake the bread, cook the food and dispense it to the entire population, so that not one should be missed. For this purpose was instituted "The Comité National de Secours et d'Alimentation" with offices in every city and in rural sections. This was made up of 4,000 local committees and 30,000 voluntary coadjutors. Mr. Emile Francqui was chosen president of its executive committee. The Comité National and the Comité Française, organized in Northern France on similar lines, act in complete accord with the C. R. B., the two organizations completing and dovetailing each other and being closely joined, the one, so to say, the exterior and the other the interior agent of the commercial work of charity.

The Commission has been merely buying and dispensing the simple necessities to sustain life such as meat, bacon, lard, wheat, flour, rice, maize, peas, beans, sugar, coffee and soap. They purchase shiploads of provisions from the United States, Canada, South America, Australia and all parts of the earth where these essentials are obtainable. The enormity of the undertaking can be comprehended only when it is known that 80,000,000 kilos, or 80,000 tons, of foodstuffs are gathered by the Commission every month by donation or purchase. These would be appraised at a value of \$6,000,000 a month.

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Through courtesy of Director Young, representing the Commission in Rotterdam, one of its own tugs carried the American visitor about the entire harbor of that great port, affording a view of the mammoth grain elevators unloading ships into canal boats which are towed by small tugs up the various canals to distributing points in Flanders, Southern Belgium and Northern France. Since October 26, 1914, to November 15, 1915, something like 312 steamers, exclusively laden with foodstuffs—excepting some cases of clothing—destined for Belgium were affreighted and discharged at Rotterdam, a thousand million kilos of foodstuffs. The average expenses of this freight have been much under usual prices thanks to the managers of railways and to the generosity of kind helpers. On one hand the Commission has had the blessing and co-operation of good people everywhere, yet on the other hand it has met with difficulties that have hindered and hampered in the effort to bring its vessels to Europe.

The war has completely upset the freights and maritime insurances. People could not be left for a day dependent upon the arrival of a vessel which might be hindered by storm or seized by a belligerent ship. Food must be stored to meet such emergency. The C. R. B. has obtained from the German authorities promise of unmolested passage.

Foodstuffs gathered at Rotterdam have to be forwarded for consumption in Belgium and this is not at all an easy task. At the outset, all ways of

transportation and usable lines of communication became unavailable in Belgium; railways not destroyed were reserved for German soldiery; transportation by automobile existed no longer. Canals only are now in requisition and many of these have had to be repaired.

The Comité National has given great credit to the Americans undertaking this difficult task, feeling that all honor is due to the volunteer staff, organized for their energy and tact in carrying out a thankless job. More than a hundred of these American volunteers have worked for the C. R. B. in Belgium this year, half of whom are permanent residents. There have been a few instances of members returning to America and saying things that have made the Commission's work more difficult.

It may prove interesting to know how distribution is made by the Comité National de Secours et d'Alimentation which serves three classes of people: First, the wealthy Belgians who buy food and pay profits. Second, the laborers who have income through work and purchase at the actual cost to the Commission. Third, the million or more helpless poor who must be supplied without recompense. Each class is served alike in the portions they receive.

The entire country, including the northern part of France now held by Germany, has its local relief stations, each with a supervisor and staff. Every applicant is given a weekly ticket entitling him to his portion, this ticket being cancelled daily

as he receives his allowance. In this vast relief we have an object lesson of the greatest charity ever organized in an exigency of war and not unlike an ideal Socialism.

The need is as great to-day as at the outbreak of the war. It is only the contributions of money and clothing that make possible the existence of millions. Those who have contributed—governments of various countries, governors of States, mayors and committees in our cities and towns, and the millers of America—may know that their gifts have touched the spot.

The work of the Commission has been variously subdivided. A prominent division is the system of "baby canteens," one or more of which institutions is to be found in each of the large cities of the stricken land. These are provided for children under three years of age, appropriate food and direct medical attendance being assured. Parents are required to bring their children for periodical inspection in order that food may be prepared in accordance with the progress of individual babies. More than one hundred such canteens are in operation, having been inspired originally by one establishment in Brussels started by a society of Belgian ladies known as *Les Petites Abeilles* (The Little Bees).

Children old enough to attend school are fed in certain sections at the public schools in order that they may have proper nourishment. For older persons, communal committees or benevolent ladies

have established in some centres "economic" restaurants wherein palatable meals are to be had at prices ranging from fifteen to twenty-five centimes.

The clothing establishment at the Commission's headquarters attains to the size and dignity of a great department store. All sorts of articles of raiment—clothes, hats, footwear and blankets as well—are furnished to the needy while the remaking and renovating of garments gives employment at living wages to 15,000 persons. Besides clothing the people of Belgium, this establishment has supplied also Belgian and French refugees in France and has afforded accommodations to the Rockefeller Foundation which has undertaken the care of Belgian refugees in Holland.

Another enterprise of importance is the provision for doctors and pharmacists whose regular incomes have been practically stopped by the war but the need of whose services has been increased by the same cause. Painters, sculptors, musicians and other artists have been provided for by a special fund and arrangements have been formulated for the partial support of the lace industry in which some 50,000 workers, chiefly women, were thrown out of employment. In the instance last named, it was seen that destitution would fall not only upon a peculiar class of female home workers but that the skill of the craft would suffer serious deterioration. Some lace already has been exported under these auspices to foreign markets.

Provisions have been made also for rehabilitating

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churches, assisting the clergy, helping impoverished foreigners, and caring for weak-minded or tuberculous persons, formerly housed by the Belgian government.

V

Refugees in Holland

DURING his stop in Holland, Major Winchell wrote a report of his work there in which he said :

“With the fall of Antwerp in October, 1914, a half-million of Belgium’s terrified population fled to Holland and England. Stories of privation, hunger and death among these refugees were told to the world at the time. What has become of the refugees after a year’s time ?

“Soldiers and civilians swarmed over the border, some by land, some by canal and river boats and many by swimming. Household goods and other property left behind, the majority came with little to provide for their livelihood. Thousands brought money with them, some enough to keep themselves going without outside aid for a long time, while others had enough only for a few weeks. Many thousands, especially the business men and those with property interests, returned to Belgium to reside and resume business. The German authorities were anxious to maintain normal conditions.

“To the Dutch authorities the influx of Belgians was a complex problem, for in normal times this

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little country finds it difficult to care for its own people and unemployed.

“One American woman—formerly Staff-Captain Alice Parker, in charge of a Salvation Army corps in Fourteenth Street, New York City—married a Utrecht merchant six years ago and is now known as Mrs. Jurritsma. When she saw the thousands of poor, terrified Belgians streaming through the streets of Utrecht her heart was moved to pity. The Dutch government had hastily erected barbed-wire fences and set up tents near Amersfoort as a camp of detention for interned soldiers who had been disarmed at the border. Many of their families had followed and their wives and children were shelterless upon the roads. Mrs. Jurritsma tells her story :

“‘Going to the representative of the Nova Scotia government I poured out my heart and told him of the needs of these men, women and children. He gave me all the clothing that came on a great ship, the *Doria*, 6,000 cases. Most of these we gave to the Belgian refugees, women and children. Several times representatives came to see me and to look over our work. We hired a big house and employed ten refugees, men and women, for months because of the magnitude of our work. I wrote to the British consul, my letter being forwarded to Sir Edward Grey, and the first thing I knew they had printed my letter, just as it was, in the *Times* and the *Daily Mail* of London which resulted in getting a large fund of thousands of pounds, which



BELGIAN REFUGEES INTERNED AT GOUDA, HOLLAND.

ONE OF THE DORMITORIES.

money was expended by a committee in London, buying all sorts of comforts and hundreds of cases of goods for shipment to me.

“‘More than 25,000 sets of undergarments were distributed, and when you add to this the tens of thousands of other garments, shirts, mufflers, women’s and children’s clothes, shoes, etc., you can get some idea of the magnitude of my work. Had I not been a Salvationist the people would never have trusted me with all these goods, but owing to my long experience in the Salvation Army in America and the helping grace of God, I was able to quickly comprehend the needs of these poor, destitute sufferers and to do something.’

“A person cannot pass through the interned civilian camps without being overwhelmed by the conditions under which these people live. The Gouda camp is situated in a large greenhouse located in the mud between two canals. It is fetid and unsanitary. There is no privacy. Hundreds of men, women and children of all ages are compelled to sleep on large platforms on hard floors with few coverings. Pieces of cardboard separate families. The children are unwashed and go about with sores in their eyes and on their bodies, contagion resulting. The social conditions brought about, so I was told by those in charge, will do more harm to the future race than the devastation of their homes by shot and shell.

“The Salvation Army is trying to solve this problem but needs funds. If each family could

own a detachable bungalow, it would be a blessing. Such cost something like \$250 each. When the war is ended, they could be taken down and transported to the occupants' native town in Belgium and erected for future homes. In such quarters hope takes the place of despair. The London Society of Friends have accomplished much in building these bungalows."

The *Christian Herald* of New York City, a paper known the world over for its foremost efforts in behalf of sufferers in wars, famines and other catastrophes, by the aid of its great-hearted and public-spirited constituency, came early to the front in the assistance of the widows and orphans of stricken Europe. The first to suffer were the Belgians, so this splendid paper's fund was divided with headquarters in London, The Hague and Brussels to care for the helpless and destitute ones. Major Winchell found evidences everywhere of the thorough and systematic aid given through this agency. The people were loud in their praise of the relief fund of the *Christian Herald* which, thus far, has amounted to \$198,810.

"There are fully 100,000 Belgians scattered throughout Holland. Many—in fact, thousands—have been transferred to England where work is found for them in fields or factories. Sundry English towns are being colonized to such an extent that the Belgians are outnumbering the English but the plan is to return all to Belgium after peace is declared.

"The detention camps are divided—part for soldiers, numbering more than 30,000, mainly at Ziest and Harderwijk, and part for civilians and families, located at Gouda, Nunspeet, Ede, Uden and other points, numbering 60,000. The conditions for civilians are deplorable while the soldiers fare very well and seem to be healthy and happy.

"While the soldiers are being well cared for there comes another aspect which is sad indeed. The towns and villages surrounding the camps of interned Belgian troopers are crowded with thousands of women and children for whom little or no provision has been made. Most of these are of the respectable class and suffer more, as their pride keeps their wants unknown. I know this, for I have visited them in their homes and administered in a small way to their needs."

Major Winchell will never forget the Christmas Eve of 1915, spent with a number of young Belgian students of Louvain University, that magnificent institution that was made a desolation. They had left their studies and rushed to Liège at the outbreak of the war, fighting for their native land, for their homes and institutions. Courageously, they had resisted the Germans all the way to Antwerp. After the siege, they were driven over into Holland and were interned at the Ziest camp. But, through the efforts of Prof. Albert G. van Hecht, formerly of Louvain, a house was secured for them that they might continue their studies in connection with the University

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of Utrecht. The Hollandish government and educational authorities have extended to these fine young men the advantages of their facilities not only in Utrecht but in Amsterdam and Leyden as well. Professor Van Hecht was sent by the Belgian government and is now raising a fund directed from the Belgian Bureau, New York City.

Mrs. Jurritsma invited the Major to join with her in a Christmas tree celebration for these lads. Seeing that Christmas would pass with no one near to cheer them, the tree was purchased, through the fund at the Major's disposal, and a bag of confectionery was forthcoming for each one. Winchell's speech was interpreted in French and Dutch, part of the guests being Flemish and the rest "Wallony." The young fellows evidenced unbounded appreciation and one, chosen for the reason that he spoke English, acknowledged gracefully their delight upon the remembrance of them at the feast of Christ's nativity.

On the following day, Mrs. Jurritsma led the way to Amersfoort. Away over on the outskirts of the town are several streets occupied almost exclusively by the wives and children of the interned soldiers before mentioned at Ziest, a few miles distant. A number of these, destitute and lonely, were visited and Christmas cheer was carried to them. About a thousand were starting on an excursion. The local traction company had given the use of its cars to convey the women to see

their loved ones at Ziest. Passing through the cars and taking the babies in his arms, Major Winchell did what he might to make Christmas happy for them. Arrived at Ziest, all alighted and had not long to wait when the strains of a brass band could be heard in the distance. This band of sixty pieces had been organized and trained in the camp. Everybody was on the *qui vive*. The little children clapped their tiny hands in sheer joy, for music that sounded sweeter probably never reached mortal ears. The tots knew that their daddies and brothers were approaching. Soon several thousand soldiers, all in Belgian uniform, came into view, headed by the distinguished Dutch commandant of the camp. Unforgettable were the scenes of affection as fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sweethearts greeted those nearest, dearest to their hearts.

To the American visitor the picture created a strange but sacred bewilderment. He lingered long as he saw them march away to spend a brief hour of happiness in this land of their captivity. Their homes were in heaps in their dear native country but love undefiled is eternal. War cannot crush it, nor the ravages of time overwhelm it. As these patriots marched away, as the last note of their music died on the air, the visitor offered this fervent prayer :

“Thou who didst suffer on Calvary, remember these !”

VI

The Key that Unlocked Belgium's Door

THE following article from the New York *Sun* of January 4, 1916, describes the difficulties encountered in entering Belgium as well as the singular sequence of events which, in the end, made such entrance possible:¹

Man He Helped Now Helps Salvationist

*Major Winchell, Barred from Belgium,
Finds Old Protégé*

Editor May Lift the Ban

A friendship that started when Major Wallace Winchell, superintendent of the Salvation Army Industrial Home in Jersey City, extended a helping hand to Dr. Maximo Asenjo, exiled governor of the province of Leon, Nicaragua, in 1911, while the latter was down and out in this city, is likely to be the agency through which the German government may permit Major Winchell to enter Belgium for the purpose of taking command of the Salvation Army relief work in that stricken country.

By a strange prank of fate the Major recently met Dr. Asenjo in Hamburg where the exiled

¹ By permission New York *Sun*.

Nicaraguan is editor of the *Heraldo*, the Spanish edition of the Hamburg *Nachrichten*, and stands high in the favor of the German officials. Dr. Asenjo introduced the Major to a number of dignitaries and outlined to them the work accomplished by the Salvation Army officer among the unfortunate in this country. He further explained to him the plans the Major has in view for relief work in Belgium and the Germans were so much impressed that the question of permitting him to go into Belgium was again taken up.

As a result of the interest which Dr. Asenjo took in the man who helped him when help counted most, it is believed that orders will be issued permitting Major Winchell to proceed on his mission in behalf of the suffering Belgians.

When Major Winchell was selected to direct the relief work in Belgium, General Bramwell Booth, head of the Salvation Army, said he wanted a man for the work who was a native born American and an American through and through. Although he carried personal letters from President Wilson, the Secretary of State and others vouching for him, Major Winchell was held up at Rotterdam. It was understood at the time that whatever feeling the German government officials had in the matter was due to the fact that Winchell arrived in Rotterdam not directly from America but from London, where he went to get instructions concerning his work from the International Salvation Army headquarters.

With the aid of Dr. Henry Van Dyke, the American Minister at The Hague, Major Winchell got a passport to Germany where he found his old friend and admirer, Dr. Asenjo, and through him was able to acquaint the German officials with the aims and purposes of his mission.

As Major Winchell was leaving Salvation Army headquarters in West Fourteenth Street, this city, one day in 1911, he saw a man who was apparently in great trouble and spoke to him. He was greatly impressed by the man's story—the unhappy person was Dr. Asenjo—and took him to the Salvation Army Industrial Home in Jersey City, where he cared for him until he was able to look out for himself. Dr. Asenjo eventually got in touch with some Nicaraguan friends in this city who were able to assist him and later he went to Germany.

In an article written for the *Sun*, Major Winchell says that Dr. Asenjo, through his paper, the *Heraldo*, is not only carrying German sentiment through Spain but to the republics of South and Central America, where for many years he was associated with the diplomatists of the Latin countries.

“Dr. Asenjo,” writes Major Winchell, “comes from one of the oldest and most influential families in Nicaragua. His father sent him to Germany for his education. He was graduated from the Munich as well as the Heidelberg University. He also took a course in the University of Paris.

“On his return to his native country he was ap-



DR. MAXIMO ASENJO.



pointed by President Zelaya, who recognized his intellectual attainments, as the Nicaraguan Minister to Chile.

"Returning from Chile, he was elected governor of Leon, the largest province in Nicaragua. Some differences arose between him and the president. With an army of 4,000, Asenjo marched against the capital but was defeated and driven back into Salvadore where he was arrested and thrown into prison. Here he was held for several months. One night Asenjo undertook his escape. He made a rope out of his bedding and lowered it from the window of his prison but, when descending from a distance of nearly twenty-five feet from the ground, the rope broke and he fell, breaking a leg.

"He was picked up unconscious and for dead by the soldiers. For five days he was kept unattended by a physician, in intense suffering, under the constant watch of armed guards, with scarcely food to eat or water to drink. They threatened to shoot him but he exclaimed that it would be 'a coward's act to shoot a helpless man,' which appealed to their honor and his life was spared.

"Mr. York, American vice-consul, made an appeal in behalf of Dr. Asenjo and he was taken to his residence and kept there for many months under medical treatment, so that he partially recovered. He has limped ever since from the injury to his leg and always walks with a cane.

"Dr. Asenjo was requested by the authorities to leave Salvadore and he dared not return to his own

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country because of his enemies. Therefore he was compelled to leave his wife and two young sons and make his way to America.

“He arrived in the spring of 1911 in the city of Philadelphia. He had less than \$150, a stranger among strangers. It was hard for him to get his bearings. No matter how talented a man may be, in a strange land he can do little in the way of business until established and known. So Dr. Asenjo found his money gradually diminishing. He made a few acquaintances and was associated with a Dr. Fox, but he did not receive sufficient income. Having his doctor's degree from Munich as an oculist he tried to establish himself but in furnishing his room he had little left to advertise himself.

“So when he found himself down to his last \$12, Dr. Asenjo made his way to New York City. There were a number of his countrymen in business in the vicinity of the Produce Exchange. One importer of tropical fruits who knew his father in Nicaragua helped him some, but not enough to get ahead.

“One day the doctor, with his room paid for only three days, wandered along Fourteenth Street, hungry and in despair. He was really at the end of his rope.

“As the doctor describes it in his own way: ‘I shuffled along, weak from privation; I could see no hope. Everybody seemed to be in a hurry and cared nothing for a poor foreigner. As I stood on the broad pavement, I saw a man in the military

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garb of a Salvationist. I knew nothing of the organization, as it is not established in my country. But what especially attracted me was the kindly face of this soldier or officer and his manner. I made known to him my troubles. He listened kindly and, extending one hand as he slapped me on the back with the other, said: "God bless you, friend. Come with me and you will find an opening."'''

The Salvationist took him to the Salvation Army home for men in Jersey City, where so many have found the beacon of hope. There was no work in the home for which the doctor was fitted, so the manager advanced him some funds with which to open an office for optical work by day and lessons in Spanish by night.

In the meantime, through the suggestion of the Major, an effort was made to get the doctor appointed by President Wilson to the Bureau of Latin Republics. News of this reached some of his political enemies from Nicaragua who came to New York professing to forget the past. They invited the doctor to dinner. He noticed in his wine a peculiar taste and was convinced it was poison, which indeed it proved to be, though not a deadly poison. The doctor declares that his enemies were determined not to allow him to get into a position where the secrets of Central American politics would be made known in Washington and took this method not to kill him but to put him out of business.

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He was suddenly transformed from a cool collected individual into a seemingly insane person. Fear was the predominating passion and his limbs jerked. He thought conspirators were after him in every shadow and crevice. They tried to keep him in the home. Mrs. Winchell did everything that she could for him. The Major was called away to the Ohio floods on relief work and did not remain to see it through. The doctor ran away at one o'clock one morning and escaped to New York by the Hudson tubes. He was picked up by the police and taken to the psychopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital. After a few days there he was discharged.

For some reason the Federal authorities got out papers for his deportation to Nicaragua. Dr. Asenjo heard that they were after him and, knowing return to Nicaragua would be fatal, he became desperate. Without consulting any one and without money he went over to Hoboken and walked on board the Hamburg-American liner *Patricia*, went down unnoticed among the freight and stowed himself away. He stopped there for three days without food or water. His hunger was so ravenous and his body so weak he walked up on deck and, presenting himself to the ship's physician, told his story. The captain was called and they decided to lock him up and give him sufficient food.

On arrival at Cuxhaven, Dr. Asenjo was handed over to the police. After cross-questioning him

and the ship's physician, they concluded that his story was true, that he was the innocent victim of a poison plot and that he was honest and a man who would make a desirable citizen of Germany.

The officials of the steamship company told the doctor that he could pay for the passage when able, which he did from the first money he earned. The police of Cuxhaven gave him ten marks and his car fare to Hamburg. With half of his money, the doctor engaged a cheap room ; with the other five marks he ate sparingly for three days. At last he read an advertisement of a stranger stopping at the Hotel Atlantic, Hamburg, who wanted some one to translate some work into Spanish. He secured the position and gradually pushed ahead.

The outbreak of the war found Dr. Asenjo in Berlin. He translated the news from German into Spanish and printed it on a typewriter copy-press at first and sold it to the many Spanish-speaking people in Germany's capital. The circulation increased and he was compelled to print a little sheet which he called the *Spanish News Bulletin*.

Dr. Asenjo wrote some pithy editorials. Copies of these reached some wealthy men in Hamburg who had large import and export business with the countries of South America. Among them was the well-known coffee importer, Heinrich Rode. Dr. Asenjo was called to Hamburg where he was introduced to the publishers of the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, one of the most influential papers in Germany, formerly the mouthpiece of Prince Bis-

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marck. On September 15, 1914, a company was capitalized to publish a special Spanish edition of the *Nachrichten*, called *El Herald*, with Dr. Asenjo as editor. A hundred thousand copies are printed monthly, one-fifth going to Spain and the balance to Central and South America.

VII

Winchell in Germany

ALTHOUGH the door of Belgium had been closed, despite the Relief Commission's diligent efforts to secure admission for him, the disappointed Winchell was still in the ring. He had faith that, by gaining direct communication with the civil governor of Belgium, he would win. Anyway it was not his purpose to return to America without making the endeavor.

To the possibilities of Dr. Asenjo's assistance was added the encouragement of a letter from Mrs. Winchell, fighting her husband's battles in the United States, telling how she had seen Mr. Richard Stevens of Castle Point and of Stevens Institute, New Jersey's great philanthropist and social service leader, who had been a classmate of Ambassador Gerard in Berlin. Mr. Stevens had written to Mr. Gerard shortly after the Major set sail, recommending that the Embassy do all in its power to further the success of the mission to Belgium. Upon receiving this intelligence from his wife, Major Winchell wrote to the American Embassy in Berlin but never knew the outcome of the matter.

The following letter was then addressed to the

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civil governor of Belgium, being taken to Amsterdam whence a German translation was forwarded to the governor :

Rotterdam, November 29, 1915.

GENERAL VON BISSING,
Civil Governor in Brussels,
Brussels, Belgium.

Your Excellency : I was informed yesterday from high authority that you were unwilling to honor my passport into Belgium on the ground that I was a person under suspicion.

I am enclosing one or two letters of introduction—one from the Chamber of Commerce, Jersey City, one from Governor Fielder of New Jersey and one from the police department of Jersey City. I have many others from distinguished men which also I should be pleased to show you. These men vouch for my integrity and my good work for the people. I hope these will establish in your mind that I am an honorable man and would not stoop to betray the confidence you would repose in me by granting me permission to work in Belgium.

If any of your representatives have reported any word or act of mine in America or Europe that could give the least offense to the German cause, I should like to face the men and hear what they have to say.

Certainly you will not condemn me without a hearing. I do not desire vindication for my own sake merely but for those who have vouched for me. When I return to America it will be a great pleasure for me to be able to say that I was not only treated fairly and justly by the German

authorities but was shown much generosity and kindness.

My coming to Belgium was not of my own choice. I preferred to remain where I was, having great success in Jersey City, Hoboken and Northern New Jersey.

I was asked to come to Belgium to administer intelligently funds which had been contributed to the Salvation Army for that purpose. My many years in organizing relief at times of great calamities such as floods, earthquakes and fires, made our leaders feel that I could be of good service in Belgium. They cabled twice for me. At first I declined but, on the second urgent order, I accepted although feeling that I would be hindered by not knowing the language.

General Bramwell Booth, head of the Salvation Army and a man who stands preëminently above nationalism and who fights for the salvation of all men of all nations, is the one who appointed me to come. I was delayed three weeks in London on account of a severe accident to the General. I could not see him. But, at the same time, no person could draw me into a discussion of war issues.

General Booth had received a large fund for Belgian relief. He wanted me to distribute this in coöperation with the Commission for Relief in Belgium. Some time last summer Colonel Theodore Kitching, the General's secretary for Europe, consulted with Mr. Hoover who thought that there would be no objection on your part, so arrangements were made for me to cross the Atlantic to undertake the task.

I was chosen because I was an American and a neutral. And it is true I am an American with ancestry back on both sides for two hundred years.

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My wife is the same and my family. No one can rightfully say that I or any member of my family ever said anything against the German cause.

My ambition ran high to be of great use in Belgium. I had hoped to be of service to the authorities of the land, as also to the C. R. B., in helping to organize a better condition among the people. I heard of the vast numbers that do not work and I hoped to be useful in organizing industries. And the poor children and mothers, especially those the most helpless, I could help.

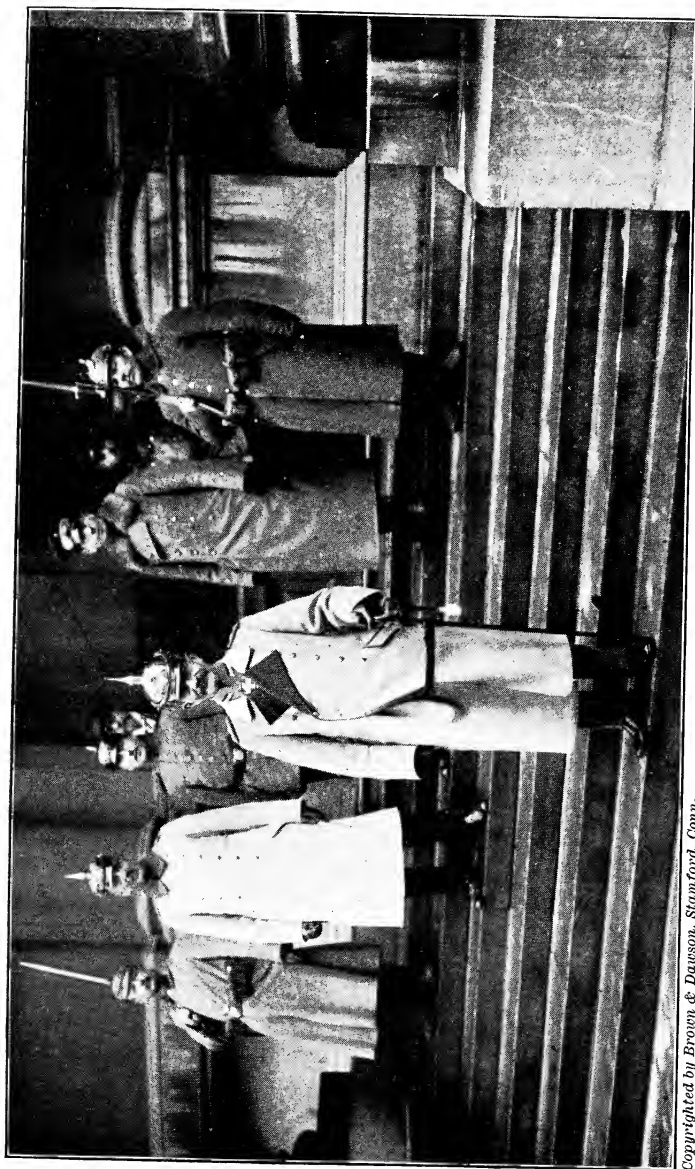
The work among children is my specialty. I can bring with me and show you photographs of the work I have been doing in the States. His Excellency President Wilson is among my financial supporters and my work is well known everywhere.

I would like to refer you to Dr. Maximo Asenjo who edits the Spanish edition of the *Hamburg Herald* and the *Nachrichten*. He is willing to come to Brussels and tell you all about me and my work. Will you kindly grant the privilege of an interview with Dr. Asenjo and myself?

I am fitted for good service in Belgium but, of course, if you do not want me tell me the reason and I will return. But it is only fair that I should know why I am not accepted. I desire above all things to obtain your confidence and approval for, without these, I see no possibility of undertaking and carrying out this relief work that is so near my heart.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) WALLACE WINCHELL, Major.

An American Embassy attaché had gone with the Major to the German legation at The Hague where a special permission was written on the back



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GENERAL VON BISSING AND STAFF.

From Underwood & Underwood



of the traveller's passport granting entrance into Germany, as the passport did not read for that country.

Having despatched the foregoing letter in the open mail, Major Winchell returned, a happy man, to his hotel in Rotterdam. Packing his grip, he was in readiness to start next morning for Hamburg.

But alas ! alack ! A message was received from The Hague, about two hours after permission had been granted, saying that it had been called off. Thus ran the message :

“Even though you have the pass, if you attempt to go into Germany, you will be arrested. Something has developed since you left The Hague to-day that forbids your entrance into that country. You are advised not to go.”

German diplomacy had made a flank movement and charged on the Major's hopes. But he did not retire from the field or beat a retreat.

Like the forces in various parts of the European battle-fields, he awaited the next move. That is, he deferred further action pending the outcome of his letter to the civil governor. A week later, The Hague was heard from again, this time announcing that permission was granted for Major Winchell to go to Germany and that he would not be molested at the border. But he must not enter Belgium at that time. Such permission depended entirely upon future developments.

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Happiness again was restored to the Major. Looking up the train which would leave Rotterdam next morning for Hamburg, he sent a wire to Dr. Asenjo announcing his arrival in that city at six o'clock next evening.

Thus, on Saturday morning, December 11, 1915, the Major boarded a train at the Maas station in Rotterdam and set out for his promised land. Bentheim, Germany, just across the border, was reached at one o'clock.

The stranger had heard much of the wonderful organization of the German army but now, for the first time, came into direct contact with it. The station at Bentheim was well equipped for the search of those passing from one country into the other. Probably one hundred passengers on the same train were subjected to most thorough search, German officers knowing how to do it. War is war and this was their right. They had set up little wooden closets, each just large enough to accommodate one person, and in these the passengers were required to disrobe more or less. The officers were as careful in searching people of their own nationality as those of other lands.

The Major watched the quick, athletic, deliberate and systematic work of these soldiers detailed to search the travellers. Everything looked most militaristic. War was in the very air. The Germans were polite but not at all sentimental.

When the American presented his passport it was with a feeling more or less of wonder as to what

the outcome would be. Would they find something to force him back to Holland or to send him forward? Perhaps he might be relegated to a camp of interned civilians wherein thousands of non-combatants have been kept since the war started—not a cheering possibility. Truly it was an hour of anxious waiting. The passport was examined and then taken away for further examination, being given a numbered claim check. After rigid search in one of the dressing closets, nothing was found upon the Major more serious than a photograph of his two-year-old son, Wallace, Jr., which was not taken from him.

After the subordinates, one after another, had finished their part of the search, a lieutenant who spoke excellent English called the Major aside and the following conversation ensued :

“ Well, Winchell, you have arrived at last.”

“ I have.”

“ And you are on your way whither ? ”

“ Hamburg.”

“ Did you come directly from New York to Holland ? ”

“ No ; I came by way of Liverpool.”

“ How long did you remain in England ? ”

“ About three weeks.”

“ Why so long ? ”

The Major explained about the accident to General Booth which had delayed him in London and the German continued :

“ When passing through the waters about the

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British isles, did you see anything that looked war-like?"

"Not very much," was the American's reply. "Possibly a patrol ship or two. As we entered the Irish Sea, the fog was very dense. We might have passed many war-ships but we did not see them."

"Can you tell me of any war news of interest from England?"

"I cannot. I kept away from all Allied soldiery. To tell you the truth, this bloody struggle between the nations does not interest me. I endeavor to follow the Prince of Peace, and my work in Europe is a mission of mercy."

This ended the colloquy. The Major remained two hours at Bentheim, having missed the first train. So he sent another telegram to Dr. Asenjo in Hamburg, asking him to meet the train upon its arrival at ten o'clock that night.

At Osnebrück two more hours were lost in changing cars. During this interval, a little walk through the town revealed business going on quite as usual in any American city. Many men were in the streets or working. Even the waiters in the railway restaurants were young men of military age and one wondered that they should not have been pressed into service. Possibly their time to be drafted had not yet come. The Major had been somewhat under restraint of mind on the trip, not being able to converse with any one in his ignorance of German, and understanding that English was

prohibited in Germany. It was not easy for one in his position to remain silent.

Resuming the railway journey, the American found that the compartment was shared by a rather formidable German officer with a little sabre at his side. Just before the Major's eyes, a notice had been posted on the wall of the compartment by German military authorities. Both men sat for two hours, staring at the notice yet exchanging not a word. The Major could make out only the first and second lines of the proclamation which, he thought, had to do with spies.

*Soldaten seid vorsichtig im Sprechen
SPIONE & SPIONINNEN !
ihr wisset niemals wer neben euch sitzt
während auf reisen.*

"Suppose that this impulsive Teuton hears just one word of English from me," mused the Major uneasily. "We are alone. One little thrust of that sabre into my vitals, the door opens, out into the darkness I go and it's 'good-night' to Major Winchell. All for the sake of the Fatherland."

Meditating thus upon the possibility of what might happen, there came to the American's mind a story told him in London by a Scotchman who had lived for thirty-two years in the British capital. A Britisher, of course, and a loyal one, his countenance was none the less of Teutonic cast and his accent not of the London brand. Some one in the

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street got the notion that he must be a German and said as much. The rumor spread from mouth to mouth. Inside an hour, a mob of a hundred and fifty hooligans raided his house, smashed his furniture and nearly killed the man and his wife.

All this passed like a panorama in the Major's mind. What might not happen in Germany to him who could speak only English and could not explain? The train halted, the guard called the name of a station that sounded familiar to the American and, involuntarily, he exclaimed to his austere neighbor,

“Is this Hamburg?”

“Harburg,” answered the officer in manner not unkindly but to the stranger's intense relief. Then both relapsed into silent contemplation of the writing on the wall.

Finally alighting at the great Hamburg station, the Major looked anxiously for his friend, Dr. Asenjo, but his familiar figure and smile were not to be seen. Winchell waited for a time hoping that the doctor might come or send some one, but was doomed to disappointment. It was late on a Saturday night. The American was at a loss what to do. Again, he feared to address any one in English. Slipping a mark into the palm of a porter, that functionary promptly comprehended that the donor wanted to find some one who knew English and he led the way to a waiter in the railway restaurant. This worthy spoke broken English but did not know Dr. Asenjo's address. He called on

the 'phone the office of the *Hamburger Nachrichten* but, at that late hour, nobody responded.

What was Winchell to do? Where could he go? What must become of him unable as he was to express himself in the language of the land? But he had to go somewhere so he proceeded to the Hotel Reichshof where the night clerk, speaking no English at all, handed a paper to the traveller. By guesswork, the latter made out that he was to report at the police station but the clerk gave him a room, first impressing upon him that he must see the police in the morning.

Along about three o'clock, the pilgrim was awakened from a troubled sleep by the booming of big guns. That there should be firing at such an hour he could not understand unless the British were attacking the Kiel Canal and, incidentally, the city of Hamburg itself. It caused a strange sensation, for one could scarcely imagine target practice early on Sunday morning. Inquiries, made later, brought no explanations, satisfactory or otherwise. Such is war! A similar sensation was felt by the Major on the recent Sunday morning when shells exploded at the awful wreck of Black Tom storage wharf in Jersey City.

At breakfast, the Major talked with the head waiter, who spoke fair English, and succeeded, through his intervention, in connecting with the office of the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, learning the whereabouts of Dr. Asenjo's apartment and reaching it by taxi. The doctor was found in a fine house

close to the great Hotel Atlantic, overlooking a beautiful lake which is the pride of Hamburg. He had not yet arisen but, hearing the Major's voice, dressed hurriedly and, summoning the visitor to his room, welcomed him with embraces. The doctor had not forgotten how, three years before in New York, the Major had helped him in his helplessness. Now, in the Major's trouble, the doctor proved his friend. "Bread cast upon the waters returns after many days."

The doctor arranged for the Major to take a room in the house with himself during the sojourn in Hamburg and he showed his American friend the sights of that most wonderful and beautiful city, the pride of Northern Germany. One trip was to the famous docks along the River Elbe where so many of the great vessels of former German trade were waiting for the end of the war. It was Christmastide. While there seemed to be an atmosphere of sadness, Christmas trees were exhibited everywhere and there seemed to be considerable holiday shopping. The doctor led his visitor to the finest restaurants which, in spite of the "bread and meat control," offered a variety to satisfy any appetite. The American learned of the amazing economy which conserves the resources of the nation in peace, and, especially, in war.

Dr. Asenjo is to-day the greatest international figure in German propaganda in Spain and Central and South America. His powerful and logical editorials have been reprinted and circulated

throughout Germany in book form with an introduction by Mr. Ballin, president of the Hamburg-Amerika line. While in London, Winchell saw editorials concerning the doctor's work in Spain.

Sunday night they visited together two corps of the Heils Armeé (German Salvation Army).

During his visit to the Hamburg posts, Major Winchell listened to an address by Lieutenant-Colonel Treite, leader of the Salvation Army in Germany, who has made the following report to the headquarters in London :

"In spite of the terrible war in which my country at the present time is involved, the Army is able to continue its work. Our spiritual work is progressing as usual and is winning everybody's respect.

"A few of our halls have been turned over lately to the government for hospital purposes. In Dusseldorf, for instance, our hall has been enlarged and converted into a hospital with one hundred and fifty beds.

"Our rescue work among women has also taken on greater proportions. A new rescue home has been opened recently in Dresden, where we are able to care for sixty women. A children's home for war orphans has been established where sixty little ones are being housed and fed.

"Several of the large cities have granted the Army considerable aid for the purpose of feeding the hungry, and our relief work in Hamburg, Breslau and Stettin is attaining considerable proportions.

"The vast majority of our men officers have been called to the front where they are doing their best to bless their military comrades. They have received permission to conduct meetings in the trenches, a privilege which they are not slow to grasp.

"My three sons are in the war. I carry their pictures always with me. My youngest boy has been wounded twice; the second son has been wounded once but the eldest has gone free from harm thus far. Thirteen of our officers have died already on the battle-field.

"The Army work has been carried on largely by women officers but they have proven themselves efficient in every respect and I am justly proud of them. On the Eastern front we have established three Homes for soldiers where we do the utmost for their souls as well as for their bodies. Some of the large institutions for men are now in charge of women officers.

"Of course, through the war, the German Salvationists have been isolated practically from their comrades in other lands. Nevertheless we still feel that the Salvation Army makes us one everywhere. We all have one God—the Father of us all—and one faith which binds us together with an unbreakable chain.

"The Salvation Army in Germany has fought its way to victory during the past two years of this fearful war and we trust God implicitly for the future."

On the Monday night a reception was tendered to Major Winchell at the home of Mr. Heinrich Rode, 6 Montstrasse, Hamburg. Mr. Rode is a financial power in Germany with large trading interests in South America. About a dozen other influential men and their wives were present, friends and backers of Dr. Maximo Asenjo in his newspaper work. All received the Yankee Major most generously, the German sentiment, as expressed here, being one of high regard for America and for our President. But it was discoverable also that there prevails in Germany, as in England and Holland, a feeling of bitter disappointment—possibly resentment—over the eagerness of American capitalists to profit by the European cataclysm. As Mr. Rode shook hands upon the departure of Major Winchell, he said, in a voice of agonized grief and in a tone of deep intensity:

“I want to raise the danger signal to the United States of America. Europe is paying a terrible price for its self-centered interests. We are paying the best of what we have in life and property. My own sons have been slain in battle. Our hearts are broken and this grief prevails throughout all Europe. America, to which we looked for such Christian example, has been too eager to build her fortunes upon our misfortunes and let me tell you this: America will get her own as surely as the law of compensation is inevitable. The time is coming when retribution will be meted out for your blood-guiltiness.”

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This statement was too much of a proposition for the American to answer without reflection. He has thought a great deal since that night. Is America so self-centered in her pride and greed that she does not consider the happiness of other peoples? Is there not among our great men a leadership sufficient to deliver hapless Europe and to save the world from future wars? Can we be the Christian nation that all Christendom would like us to be? As the One who came from heaven gave His life for all the world, will America make a sacrifice for all mankind? If we do not make a voluntary sacrifice to save all nations, must we not meet the retribution that this German predicted?

America cannot, as a nation, afford to go backward.

VIII

Belgium's Door Opens

BEFORE he went to Germany, the many friends that the Major had made in Holland during his six weeks there had prophesied that all kinds of trouble would overtake him when he ventured into the Kaiser's domain. Some foretold that he would be taken, under any pretext, as a spy; others that he would be mobbed by rampant civilians or bayoneted without provocation by malicious soldiers.

When, therefore, the adventurer returned to Holland, after his brief stay, they were more than surprised to see him walk back into their midst unharmed.

The day after Christmas, the traveller was asked to submit to the German legation the rest of his letters of recommendation from representative men in America and he gladly complied, once more having nothing to do save to await developments.

Did the Major never feel homesick in those days? Well, yes—he is human like others. Many times, during this period of uncertainty, his mind would revert to his dear wife and children in New Jersey, especially to little Wallace, Jr., who would be two years old in March. He thought of his

silver-haired, sweet-faced old mother 'way far in Michigan, of his work at home, of the great host of converts, particularly of those redeemed from the wreckage of drink and drugs. He thought of the many thousands of poor, across the ocean, who in other winters had looked to him for relief, food, clothing and good cheer.

Here were the holidays—he a stranger in a strange land. The future was uncertain, a mystery impenetrable, vague. Of this term of practical captivity Major Winchell says:

“That terrible sensation of homesickness came upon me very forcefully on the last day of the year. Rotterdam’s Hotel Coomans was crowded with people preparing that night to cross the seas. Baggage was piled high. Everywhere was bustle and excitement making ready for the departure of the great S. S. *Rotterdam*. All the talk was of America. The prospect of attaining my destination was not encouraging even then. When I saw those passengers making their way to the great ship, how my heart yearned to be with them! Voices seemed to be calling me and I could have gone easily enough, but duty restrained impulse.”

Two days later, Mr. Fischer of the German consulate informed the Major that his pass had been granted. He might enter Belgium at last and his testimonials would be restored to him upon his arrival in Brussels. The pass read “that Major Wallace Winchell, an American citizen, should travel on January 3, 1916, from Rosendaal to Brus-

sels in the motor car of the courier of the C. R. B. and that he should report immediately upon arrival at the Politische Abteilung."

Mr. Fischer warned the Major to take on his person no addresses of any kind nor anything whatsoever written in English. "May I take my Bible?" asked the Major. "No," he replied, "not if it is printed in English." So the beloved Book had to be left in Rotterdam until his return.

Reaching the border, the authorities there informed the representative of the Commission that the car had been prohibited from crossing the line. So here was the doughty American, as it seemed then, up against it again! He sat resignedly in the car waiting for the next turn of chance. Just ahead were the Dutch sentinels standing in the upright coffin-shaped boxes that protect them from storm. Five feet beyond was the German outpost with its gray-uniformed sentries. Between them stretched the invisible, imaginary line called "border."

Requested to alight, the Major was searched first by the Dutch, then handed over to the Germans. The captain in command studied the Major's pass carefully. When convinced that it was all right, he led the traveller to a wooden shanty set up for purposes of search where he was exhaustively inspected once more. The Germans, here as in Bentheim, the Major found, were very methodical and thorough in their work but kindly in treatment. One who spoke English declared that the

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pass must be examined by the railway superintendent and that then, if it were approved also by the military governor of the town of Esschen, the American probably would reach Brussels by train next morning.

Two soldiers, with guns and bayonets, were delegated to march the Major through the streets of the long, narrow Esschen for a distance of considerably more than a mile. The superintendent of the station being found, another awkward situation appeared as the captive could speak only English, but one of the escorting soldiers explained the case. Then the military governor, living about a block away, was seen and permission granted to proceed to Brussels by rail. The railway superintendent, with great care and deliberation, wrote out the subjoined pass which is in Major Winchell's possession at the present time :

Esschen, January 4, 1916.

Bearer of this, the American citizen, Wallace Winchell, has the permit to use the railroad to Brussels via Antwerp.

Upon arrival at Brussels, he has to report at the Political Department.

*Commander of Railroad 5,
VON GORDON,
Captain and Commander.*

Esschen is within the proscribed battle zone under martial law. Great preparations were making to receive the Duke of Coburg who was to assume

charge of his regiment next day. It was an interesting evening that the Major spent in the office and barroom of the hotel where many German officers were passing in and out.

He was introduced to the superintendent of schools by the landlord, who commanded a little English, and to the landlord's daughter who proved an intelligent conversationalist, speaking English fluently and discussing many subjects especially bearing upon American benevolence to the Belgians. She was embroidering a flour sack, working in bright colors the imprint of the American miller who had donated the flour. The Belgians are expert, not only in lace-making, but in this sort of needlework.

Women, in every part of Belgium, are devoting spare time to such embroidery on flour sacks in token of their country's gratitude to God and to the Americans. They feel that, but for this generosity, thousands must have perished by starvation. Major Winchell brought back several of these sacks. One the grateful Belgians requested that he present to the President of our republic whom they love because he has shown his love in authorizing the mighty American relief.

From the landlord's daughter, the traveller learned much of the condition of Belgium and the needs of its inhabitants. He realized that, if he had ten millions of dollars, it could be wisely expended to help the unfortunates of this country. Curious as to what the dinner bill of fare might offer, he

was agreeably surprised when he was brought a veal cutlet. His room for the night was surrounded by German officers.

Awakening in the mid-hours of the night, he tried to learn the time by the flickering lights of the railway station opposite, as he had been given no candle. Unable thus to gain enlightenment and fearing to lose the train, he broke the crystal of his watch and, feeling over the hands, found that they indicated two o'clock. Sleeping no more, he arose at five, dressed in darkness and was on hand to meet the officer who accompanied him to the station. Breakfasting in Antwerp, after one more search, he arrived in Brussels at eleven. On the journey, many evidences were seen of towns wrecked in the terrific fighting between Brussels and Antwerp in the autumn of 1914. Steeples were knocked from churches, bridges broken and houses destroyed.

In Brussels, the newcomer hired a porter to take him to 66 Rue de Colonies where a large building is occupied by the Belgian headquarters of the C. R. B. Here he was welcomed by Mr. W. B. Poland and his assistant, Mr. W. H. Sperry, in charge of the Commission. Dr. Kellogg, to whom the letter of introduction was addressed, had returned to America. There was present also Mr. Edward O. Curtis whom the Major had met at Mr. Hoover's office in London. After discussing plans and getting a closer knowledge of the vast relief operations in Belgium, Mr. Curtis was appointed to look after the American Salvationist.

Personal-Ausweis N° 46352

Eenzelvighheidsbewijs N° — Certificat d'identité N°

- Name *Winchell, Wallace*
Namen — Nom
falls verb. Frau od. Witwe: Mädchenname (geborene):
pour femme ou veuve: nom de jeune fille:
- Eigenhändige Unterschrift *Wallace Winchell*
Eigenhändige Unterschrift. — Signature personnelle.
- Staatsangehörigkeit *Amerikaner*
Nationalität — Nationalité
- Geboren am *14. Februar 1866* Geburtsort *Hannibal*
Geboren den — Né le
Geburtsort — Lieu de naissance
- Beruf *Officier de l'Armée de Salut* Grösse *1 Meter* Centimeter
Beruf — Profession
Grösse — Taille — Meter — Mètre — Centimeter — Centimètre
- Adresse am Aufenthaltsort SAINT-GILLES, Strasse *av. Wilson 26*
Wohnplatz — Résidence
Strasse — Rue
- Wann ist der Antragsteller zuletzt in die Aufenthaltsgemeinde eingezogen? *1-1-1916*
Wann hat er zuletzt in die Gemeinde eingezogen?
Quand est-on pour la dernière fois entré dans la commune?
- Von welchem Orte ist Antragsteller zugezogen? *Jersey City*
U. welche Gemeinde ist er vorher geboren?
De quelle commune le porteur du certificat était-il avant?
- Wohnsitzgemeinde *Saint-Gilles* Adresse
Gemeinde der Wohnsitz — Domicile légal
Strasse — Rue
- Zuständige Passzentrale **BRUXELLES**
Bureau des Passports — Bureau des passeports compétent.
- Auf Grund welcher Legitimation
ist der Personalausweis ausgestellt? *Population*
Sur quelle pièce justificative le certificat est-il délivré?
- Bescheinigung zweier Zeugen 1. *Winchell* Wohnung
Attestation de deux témoins
Wohnung — Residence
2. *Winchell* Wohnung
Wohnung — Residence

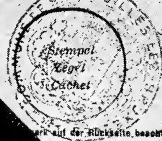
Ausstellungsort SAINT-GILLES. Datum *9. Januar 1916*

Ausgestellt von

Datum

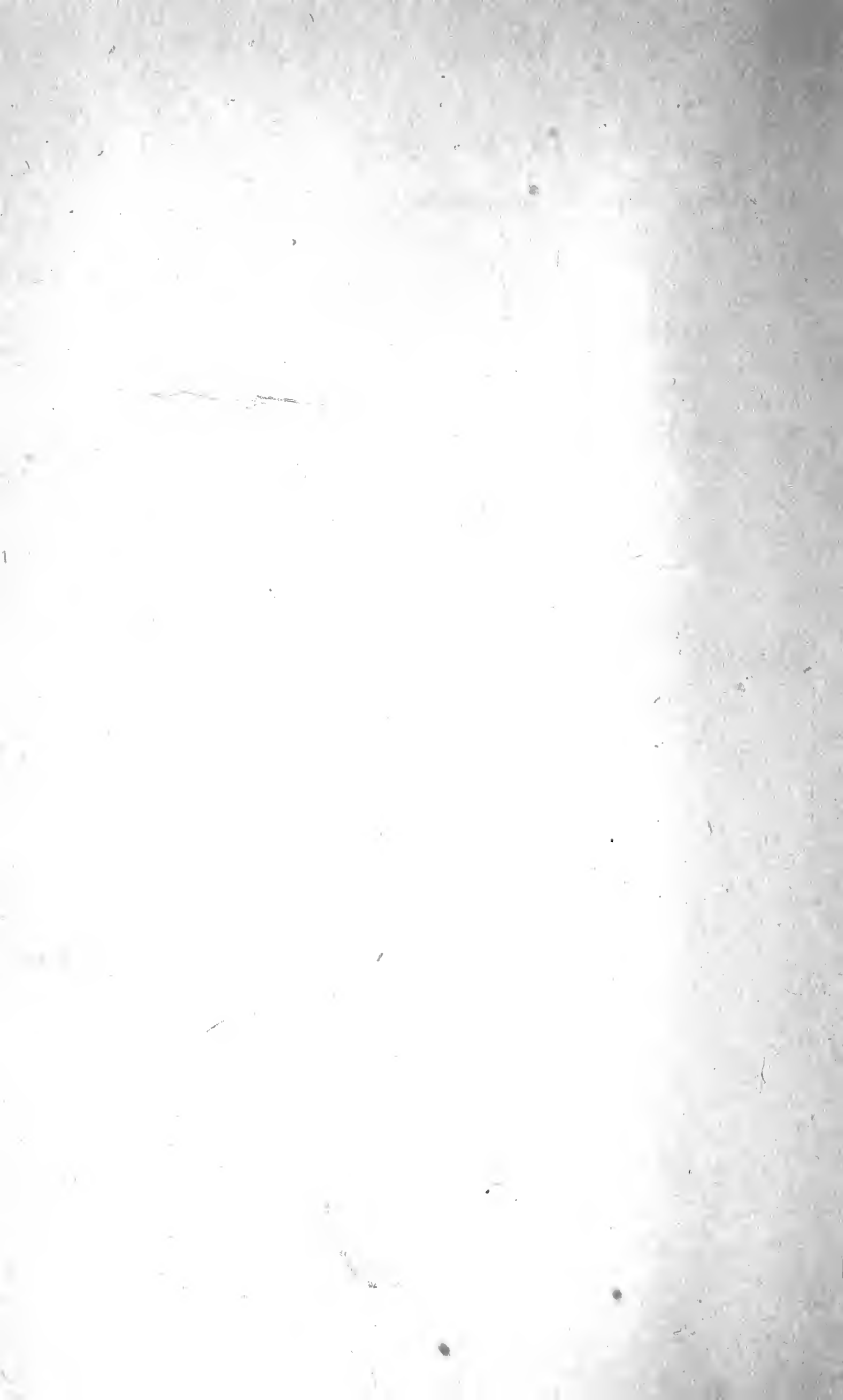
Unterschrift des Beamten:

Handzeichnung des Beamten. — Signature de l'employé.



Bitte auf der Rückseite beschriften. — Wichtige anmerkung die anmerkung.
Avis important au dos.

THE PASSPORT THAT GAVE THE MAJOR RIGHT TO TRAVEL
IN ALL PARTS OF BELGIUM UNDER CIVIL GOVERNOR.



In one of the Commission's automobiles he visited 36 Avenue des Villas, Saint Gilles, meeting Staff-Captain and Mrs. Blanchard, in charge of the Salvation Army in Belgium. The Staff-Captain had been informed many weeks before, through Switzerland, of the Major's coming and, pardonably presuming that the venture had been abandoned, was appropriately surprised to see him. Stopping at the home of the Blanchards, the Major was made most comfortable. The presence of their children, Rene and Mart, contributed to make pleasurable his visit to Belgium. The Staff-Captain has an ideal Christian home.

At last Major Winchell's relief work was to commence.

IX

Interviews with German Officials

ACCOMPANIED by Staff-Captain Blanchard, Major Winchell reported on January 6th to the Politische Abteilung, a hotel near the King's Palace, now occupied as headquarters by the German civil governor. This tardy compliance with instructions, issued upon admittance to Brussels, caused fear lest it might invoke serious outcome. After they had waited nearly an hour in a lobby, a German boy scout ushered in the visitors saying, "You appealed to General von Bissing for entrance to Belgium. You may meet his staff."

Two officers appeared. The chief attaché, Lieutenant von Moltke, nephew of Field Marshal von Moltke of the war of 1870, is tall and graceful with a dignity somewhat stiff but not overbearing; very frank and open in his manner of speech; very adept in his English. He received the American Salvationist in a most friendly way. Had Winchell been a great diplomatist, it is doubtful that his welcome would have been more cordial.

"At last I have arrived," said the Major. "I apologize for non-appearance ere now. By mistake

I reported to the Pass Zentrale Abteilung Nord-Frankreich-Grengzone instead of here."

"It is the rule for prominent men of neutral countries, upon entering Belgium for any purpose, to report here," returned the lieutenant. "We have no objection to the doing of whatever good you can accomplish."

"I've wondered," replied the American, "why you have kept me out of Belgium so long—what you held against me. I knew that my purpose was good and my mission one of mercy."

"Well, you know, war is war and we must be careful as to who shall enter Belgium," was the answer. "Belgium is a country that demands utmost caution." The lieutenant assured his caller that he was free to travel on the regular pass to all parts under the civil governor, that he would encounter no trouble in so doing.

"I did not seek this work in Belgium," explained the Major, "but, inasmuch as I am here, I want to do it and to do it faithfully. Then I shall return to America."

"Very well," assented the lieutenant.

"Moreover," pursued the Salvationist, "I feel it my duty to wear the full uniform of a Salvation Army officer, with the English words, 'the Salvation Army,' on the hat band."

"Of course," said von Moltke. "Why shouldn't you?"

"Well," was the reply, "I have heard much concerning the disapprobation of your government

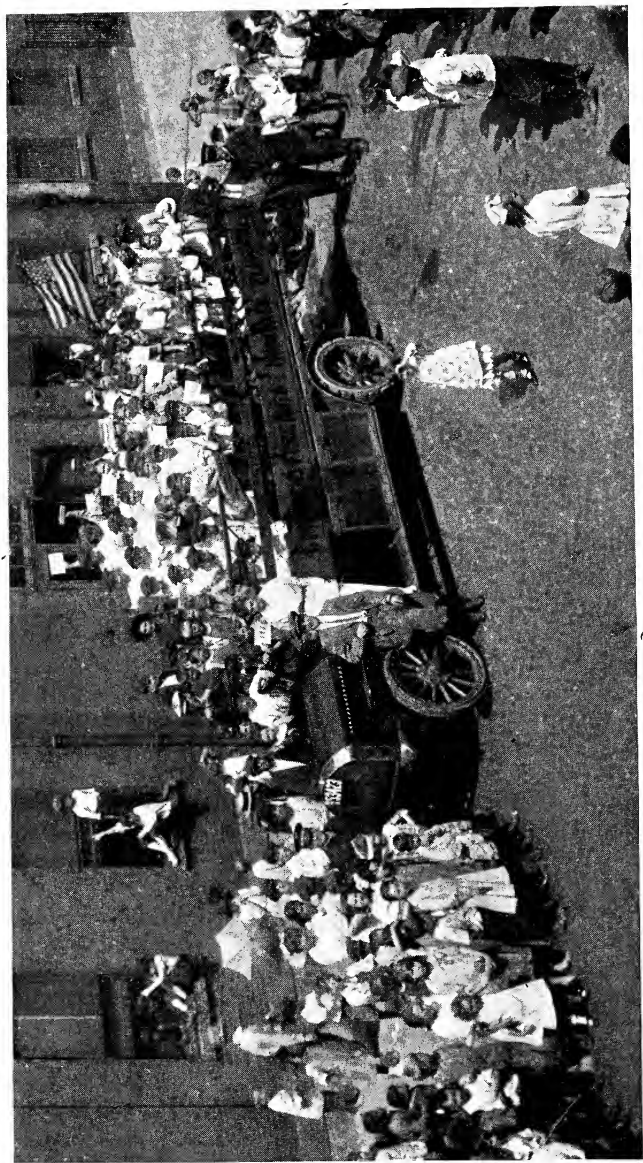
towards anything and everything English. But I cannot speak Flemish so I do not wish to wear 'Leger des Heiles' neither can I speak French so I cannot conscientiously show 'Armée de Salut' on my red band."

"Go ahead and wear the English words," granted the lieutenant. "You will have nothing to fear for that reason from any German officer or soldier in any part of Belgium."

"My mission is one of peace, lieutenant," returned the visitor. "I am interested only in healing the wounds, in feeding the hungry and in doing all the good I may. The American Commission has performed a great labor in feeding Belgium which should be augmented by a work of uplift. I wish to help in this kind of thing. It is practically my specialty. The people are down-hearted. They are starving for something more than the bread and soup provided by the Commission. They hunger for love and friendship. I would coöperate with the authorities, the American legation, the Germans and Belgians in organizing to establish a new era of actual happiness. It is needed after so much mental suffering. It is needed in all Europe. I hope to start something."

"How long do you expect to remain in Belgium?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Just as long as I can be useful," answered the American. "I have this fund, remitted by the Salvation Army in London through the Relief Commission. I purpose first to make a trip through



THE MAJOR PROPOSED TO THE GERMAN AUTHORITIES TO RUN "FREE RIDES FOR BELGIAN KIDDIES," BUT THE PROPOSITION WAS TURNED DOWN.

all parts wherein our work is established, to survey each locality and to learn its needs. Then I shall organize the purchase of supplies, following with another trip to see to proper distribution and to further organization for the perpetuation of the work."

"To what did you refer as uplift work?" asked the officer. The Major described the character of his work in New Jersey, the distribution of flowers to the poor of various nationalities, and the free rides for the slum kiddies in his big automobile, awakening every one to a spirit of faith, love and hope. The poor people would rise up and call blessed whomsoever had any part in such benevolence. Such a project, the lieutenant stated, must be considered later.

"Americans, I presume," said he, "have an idea that all Germans are a bad, cruel lot, undesirable in every sense."

"By my knowledge of Germans in America," replied the Major, "I should say that the reverse is true. They are among the most conservative of law-abiding citizens. In our county in New Jersey, Hudson, at least forty per cent. are German or of German descent, and they make for good citizenship."

After his first trip in Belgian territory, Major Winchell was summoned again, this time to report to Rittsmeister Merton of the Deutsche Vermittlungstelle, the secret service and censorship offices of the civil and military authorities. The Ritts-

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meister had fought for nine months in the trenches. He is a man of thirty-five years with sharp, penetrating eyes—quick in movement, decisive in action and possessed of knowledge far-reaching on most questions, especially well informed in the matter of American politics. Here again the Major met kindly treatment, being plied with rapid fire questions calculated to reveal the character and motives of the American. Merton resembled an Anglo-Saxon in manner and speech.

"You have, I understand," he said, "a fund of a few thousand francs to spend upon the Belgians in towns wherein the *Armée de Salut* operates?"

"I have."

"Will you kindly tell me where you raised the money?"

"General Booth of London gave it to me to bring here for relief."

"Where did he get it?"

"Some was given in England, some from New Zealand, America, Switzerland, wherever the Army operates."

"We do not object to the Salvation Army doing all the good in its power but we want a copy of the report that you give to the C. R. B. to be left here at this office. That is all we require. We know that the Salvation Army does good work in Germany and we wish you well."

The Major told the official that the Salvation Army would prove one of the great international healing agents after the war. The conflicts might

end but the wounds would still be open. Every agency for the healing of the nations would be necessary. Hatred must be overcome by love.

"Which side do you think will win?"

"I cannot answer for I am neutral, but I believe that there will be, eventually, a league of nations that will guarantee the rights of all."

"What nation will rule in that government?" was the quick rejoinder.

"The people will rule," was answered. "This is not a Salvation Army theory—it is my own. I believe that all the nations of the world will join this league, for only by such means can the safety of all and the peace of the world be assured. The very order of things will demand it. God will be recognized, His laws respected and the people will rule by His guidance."

"That sounds very well but you say that you are neutral. We do not object to this. You can express your opinion here as well as in America. I would like to ask your opinion on a certain matter."

"And that is?"

"You Americans are neutral all right but your nation is a conundrum. You appear to us a contradiction. No nation ever showed such great-hearted philanthropy in times of disaster, fires and earthquakes. This feeding of Belgium is a most wonderful affair—to have kept it going so long. It shows that your nation has an immense sympathetic heart. Yet that same nation prolongs this

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agony of war by the manufacture of munitions. How do you reconcile the two?"

"Personally I am against it and there is widespread sentiment throughout the entire country against war in any form. But, so long as there is no law against it, capitalists will continue to place their money where it brings the greatest return. I doubt not that some of it is invested by German people in America. Nevertheless there may be legislation on the subject before Congress adjourns. Of course, I cannot foretell."

"It is doubtful if Congress will take any action against the manufacture of munitions during a Presidential campaign," was the Rittsmeister's observation.

"I proposed to Lieutenant von Moltke, a few weeks ago," said Winchell, "that I begin a work of uplift."

"The matter was detailed to me," broke in the German. "You mean to start a big sightseeing automobile to take the poor children on joy rides from Brussels, Antwerp and other points to various other places in the country?"

"Yes—that's the idea," assented Winchell.

"But where would you get your automobile? Do you expect the German government to provide it?"

"I don't mind where it comes from."

"We would not give you one."

"Well, then give me permission to get one from America. All I would have to do would be to

send a cable to a friend who manufactures automobiles over there and, I think, it would be forthcoming."

"Are you not aware that there is a blockade and that the English will allow no rubber, even in automobile tires, to come through?" the Rittmeister suggested.

"All I ask is that you give me permission to run one and I'll make one grand effort to bring a car into Belgium. I am sure that the English would not object to anything that would conduce to the happiness of the Belgian children."

"It is questionable whether such a venture would be acceptable to the Belgians themselves. They would probably resent anything of the sort. There is a time for everything and a place. I hardly believe that the present time is opportune."

"Well," observed the Major, "if that's your decision, I suppose that I must return when my relief work here is done. But why not persuade the Belgians to raise flowers in the spring and have the German soldiers toss them over into the Allies' trenches?"

"My friend," replied Rittmeister Merton, "I was nine months in the trenches and I learned that in many cases the men interchanged deeds of kindness and, afterwards, resumed fighting."

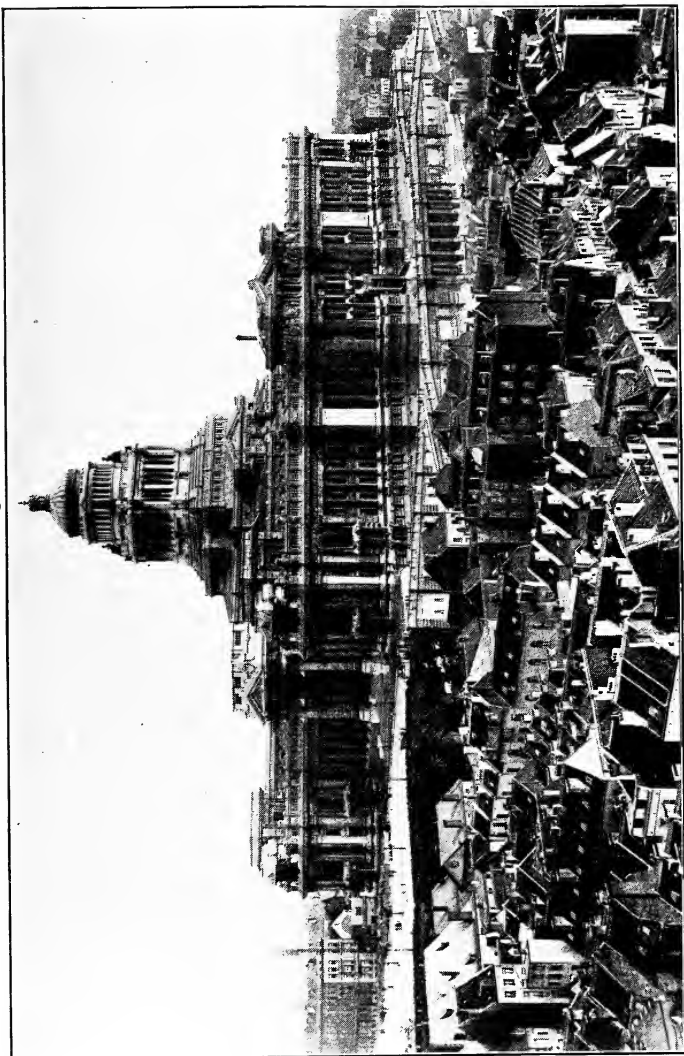
Visiting Belgium in war time was more or less like the memorable trip of Christopher Columbus. To prove the actual visitation, souvenirs and trophies must be brought back to verify the traveller's stories

of adventure and discovery. The Belgians had loaded down the Major with everything conceivable before his visit was over. These trophies comprised many photographs, war relics and the like that led to wonder in the American's mind whether it were not wise to leave them behind until after the war rather than to risk passing the lines with something that might be considered capital for the enemy.

Among the souvenirs was an inkstand made of heads of shells and shrapnel, picked up at Antwerp and mounted in Belgian marble, presented by the Salvationist officers in Belgium and especially inscribed to the Major and his wife. And there were little Belgian and American flags made by Belgian children to glorify their country. Other debatable relics were sure to be of interest to friends in America, but how might one expect to bring an enemy's colors and other suspicious articles through the German lines?

German officers had informed the Major that, so long as he was on the level and reported regularly to them, he might go about unmolested. Strengthened, therefore, by this promise, he took his souvenirs to the Deutsche-Vermittlungstelle where it was demanded that his bag be left for examination. Returning for it ten days later the Major was happy to find nothing disturbed. The Germans had even taken particular pains to seal the bag in order that it might be carried safely through their lines.

The staff of the Prussian army presented an interesting study to the stranger. Everything had been said to prejudice his mind—the stories of



PALACE OF JUSTICE, BRUSSELS. IN THE FOREGROUND THE SLUMS OF THE MAROLLES WITH
THEIR QUAIN'T BLIND ALLEYS. HERE THE MAJOR VISITED HUNDREDS AND GAVE
OUT RELIEF.

atrocities, of spies shot, of cities burned, of the severity of military rule. Every week or so the strained diplomatic relations with America were at breaking point. Should the two countries become involved in war, what must happen to an American in German territory? The position of a person, however inoffensive, caught thus in a land held by a foreign foe, would not be an enviable one.

The Kaiser had made his staff responsible for Belgium, naturally they wondered what this American, who had come by the way of London, was doing then and there. It was difficult to foresee just what of an unpleasant character might develop unexpectedly.

The American, who had experienced little of militarism at home, saw a great deal of the moving of troops, so often compared to the operation of a mighty living machine. Some profitable lessons were drawn from contact with the men in control of the workings of this machine. Efficiency, their prime factor, is needed in all walks of life. There was also the resourcefulness of conservation whereby the loaf, ordinarily intended for one, is made to suffice for three.

The German officers are educated men. As a rule, they speak English and French and have a grasp of the affairs of the world. In all their treatment, whether in Brussels at headquarters or in the provinces, the Major found them courteous, fair minded and human.

But the militant Salvationist rejoiced that his own training had been for war in a different Army.

X

What the Major Did in Belgium

THE city of Brussels has been the scene of Salvation Army activities for the past twenty-five years. Some other large continental cities may have shown greater visible results to the appeals of militant Salvationism but Belgium's capital, before the war, had attested its appreciation to the organization in various ways. Winchell found, not a large, but an efficient work established and maintained in spite of the reverses of the war and famine.

He found, whether among the poorest of the poor or the men high in business circles, that the organization was highly esteemed for fulfilling its work among the lowly. The large hall at 88 Rue Haute was crowded to capacity and many persons were unable to gain admittance. Meetings would begin about five o'clock, Sunday afternoons, and continue until ten o'clock, scarcely a person leaving during all these five hours. As the American visitor would go down and talk with people in the after-meetings, he found a great variety of languages spoken, sundry interpreters being necessitated by the seemingly innumerable dialects.

It was to be observed, however, that the Bruxellois is a more intelligent type than that encountered

in the provinces. Thoroughly democratic, the people enjoyed immensely the enthusiasm of a Salvation Army meeting. There seemed to be a general awakening in matters spiritual, a hunger for religion. The big platform was unable to hold all the converts and fifty or sixty had to stand in front for the after-meeting in a "glory wind-up," or what Billy Sunday calls "hitting the trail." Among the converts were business men as well as those of the laboring classes. And there were a number of prisoners of war, given leave of absence from the King's Palace and other government buildings in Brussels where they were confined.

These included a young man from Luxemburg, a fine young Belgian who had carried two wounds from the battle of Liège where he was captured. This young fellow came boldly to the penitent form and exercised the faith that saved his soul. He was given a Salvation Army hymn-book and a New Testament. Never before had he seen a Testament, he said, or a song book. The gifts went with him when he was led back to prison. Major Winchell met him again about a month later, when another leave of absence had been granted for an afternoon. He had read both books through and through.

The relief work was equally divided between the Army's social institution at Rue Haute, under Adjutant and Mrs. Fomentain, and the rescue home for women on Pacification Street, under Ensign Miss Rossel. Both of these institutions meet a great

need. Their working forces were placed at the disposal of the visiting Major. In the latter, garments were made and in the former they were disbursed. Dr. Barrow of the C. R. B. visited both places and inspected their work. The few stories following will illustrate the character of the work carried on in Brussels, as related by Major Winchell:

"Colonel Austen Colgate, the soap manufacturer and president of the Jersey City Chamber of Commerce, of which I am a member, gave me a letter of introduction to the Chamber of Commerce in Brussels. This letter I presented to a Mr. Fontaine, a friend of the Salvation Army and one of the influential business men of Brussels. He arranged a special committee of the Chamber of Commerce in that city to meet me after a very profitable conversation concerning the mutual relations of the two Chambers in a matter of reciprocity after the war.

"The first week-end I spent was in South Belgium in the province of Hainault. This is one of the most populous industrial districts in the world. Cities varying from 5,000 to 50,000 inhabitants lie one after another with only a mile or two between and connected by tram and bus lines. It is very similar to the valleys of Pennsylvania. The chief occupations are coal mining, iron work and glass manufacturing.

"As I could speak none of the prevailing lan-

guages (French, Wallon, German and Flemish) I had to secure an interpreter. So Staff-Captain Blanchard looked over his 'disposition of forces' and determined upon Cadet Jeanne Babando who was then stationed at Forchies-la-Marche. She was sent for. She had a little difficulty in getting a pass as she was French although, like Napoleon Bonaparte, the name was Italian. Miss Babando, only twenty-four years of age, was a fine linguist, having command of German as well as French and English. She was born a Salvationist, her parents having been officers of the 'Armée de Salut' in France for thirty years. She had eight brothers and sisters. Two of the brothers were in the army of the Allies and had been reported slain. Her mother was a widow residing in Brussels and pensioned by the Salvation Army. Cadet Jeanne proved herself able to interpret all my speeches, both public and private. She was a bright and cheerful Salvationist and, of course, that helped much.

"Staff-Captain Blanchard, Cadet Babando and I made our way to the Sud Gare station in Brussels. I was in full uniform and the English words, 'The Salvation Army,' were written on the red band of my cap. It took special grace to wear it as I was conscious that it would attract considerable attention. The moment we boarded a tram to reach the station, almost everybody gazed in curiosity and amazement. One Belgian gentleman asked, 'How is it that you, an Englishman, are allowed to travel

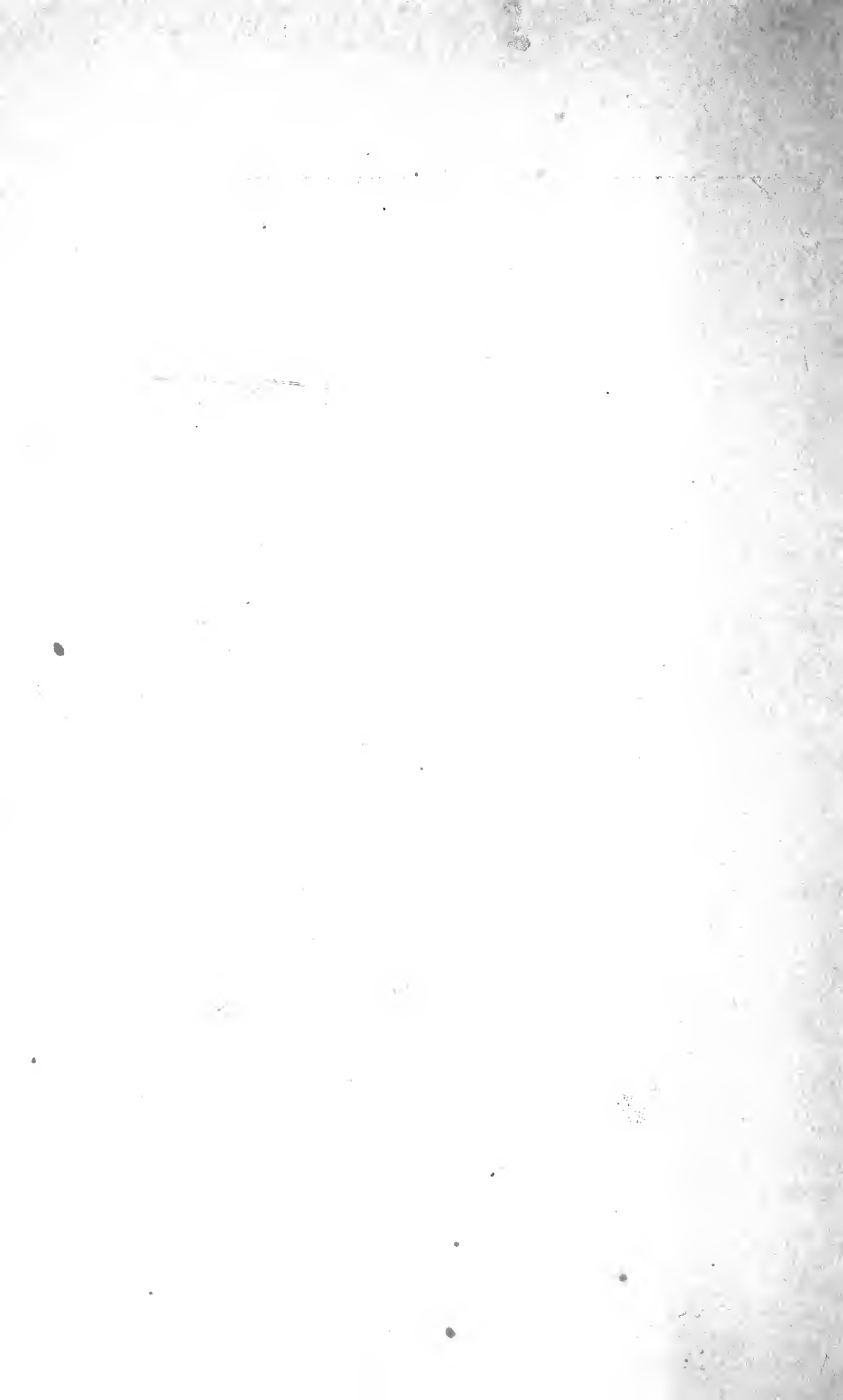
about conducting meetings when Belgium is under German rule?’

“I replied, ‘I am not English. I am an American, doing Salvation Army special work here. The Germans recognized the efficiency of our work and gladly granted passports to all the towns in which we operate.’

“When we reached the railroad station, it was crowded with train loads of German soldiers on their way to the western front. There were many of these crowding about the platform. They were amazed, I should judge, to see the English so prominently displayed in their midst and occasionally I would hear them trying to spell out the letters which with difficulty they would pronounce ‘Salwashin Aumee,’ then ‘Heils Armee.’ In all my trips I wore this red band and was greeted kindly and saluted. Only once or twice did I detect anything that seemed like a sneer. Many times I saluted the officers and my salute was returned with that dignified military grace and bearing which the German officer possesses. So I imagine that in the history of this war it will be written that the Germans actually saluted a uniform that bore something English. When I made my first trip through the country, I wore on my coat a small Star and Stripes. On my second trip, I took this off and went under Salvation Army colors only. I was treated just as well. Here I look upon it that the effect of the uniform of a Salvationist is love and mercy. When it is worn,



MAJOR WINCHELL AND SALVATION ARMY RELIEF WORKERS OF SOUTHERN BELGIUM.
TO MAJOR'S RIGHT, STAFF CAPTAIN A. BLANCHARD; TO LEFT, ENVOY JULES
HUBENOT. BACK OF MAJOR, CADET JEANNE BABANDO.



nationalism and bitterness are dissolved by the virtues it represents. I wondered how I should have been received if I had worn the German 'Heils Armee' in London. I did not try it but I believe that it would have been shown the same respect. If you want to take a trip and have access and respect in the belligerent countries, become a Salvationist and wear its uniform.

Charelroi :

"We took our train at Brussels and I noticed that the railway system was very regular and the cars steam heated and kept in tidy condition. The service was excellent. Most of the cars carried soldiers. Only one was reserved for civilians. In this, of course, we rode. We reached Charelroi.

"Charelroi seemed to be as active in business as Brussels and people were going about the same as ever. This city was frightfully damaged in its business centre during the first battles of the war but it is being rebuilt with fine modern buildings. While in Charelroi, I made arrangements to acquire tracts of land which the unemployed were to cultivate during the coming summer. I was well received by M. Rasquin, superintendent of agricultural interests in the province of Hainault.

Marchiennes-au-Pont :

"Our party took the tram here for Marchiennes-au-Pont, about three or four miles distant. This is a town of twenty thousand people but two other

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towns really join it. I noticed considerable damage, several streets being in ruins.

"We found a large, wide-awake corps of the Salvation Army in Marchiennes-au-Pont. A great revival had been going on during the winter and one hundred and seventy-five souls were saved in eight weeks. The officers, Ensign and Mrs. De Court, were in charge and the Lieutenant who told me the story was their attaché. The De Courts had assumed command since the battle, being at Forchies-la-Marche at that time.

"I shall never forget the sincere welcome that the poor people here gave me. They look upon America as heaven in view of what has been done for them. They had seen no American. I, coming in their midst, was doubly welcome as an American and Salvationist combined. I cannot describe my reception better than by saying that, had I been an angel from heaven, I could not have been better received. So it was more or less in every place I visited and conducted meetings.

"While at Marchiennes-au-Pont, I met a Baptist missionary, Rev. R. Valet. This good brother had been engaged under the direction of the American Baptist Missionary Society, headquarters of which are in Boston, Mass., and on account of the difficulties of remitting money through the war lines and the censorship of the belligerent countries, funds had failed to reach him. His family was in a very precarious condition and had only the meagre portion of soup and bread dealt daily to

the poorest. I heard of his circumstances and had a long talk with him. It was with some hesitation that he accepted the help offered, but he was assured that the fund at my disposal could be used wherever I felt that it would do the most good. It was great joy to me to be able to help this faithful servant of God and his large family in the hour of distress. On my return to America I informed the secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society of my effort in his behalf and received a very kind letter of thanks.

"My main work here was the arranging of food and clothing relief. I found that the Commission for Relief in Belgium, operating with the Comité Nationale Belge d'Secour et d'Alimentation, was getting food to every one in some shape or other. We could augment this by special cash grants to unemployed families and to those who had large families and were earning only a few francs a day. Besides this we arranged milk for infants in many families and soup kitchens to serve in special cases.

"The main problem in Marchiennes-au-Pont and everywhere else was that winter was on and that people had worn out their clothing during the eighteen months of war and famine. I arranged to purchase six hundred pairs of sabots to be given to the most needy, and for garments for seven hundred and sixteen people in this city.

"Mr. Jules Hubenot, my host, is one of the best known men in Belgium. He had been a prominent socialist in early life but, about twenty-two years

ago, was converted at his home while receiving a visit from Marechale Booth Clibborn. His entire family was converted as well, becoming Salvationists, and ever since that time had been renowned for their earnest, sincere services and devotion to the work of the Army. He had a large family. One boy is now fighting in Flanders with the Belgian forces. He lives in a five-story château, one of the most imposing in the city, and surrounded by beautiful gardens with foliage and statuary. Mr. Hubenot is a merchant, carrying on an extensive hardware business, and is interested in the manufacture of mining machinery.

“He became one of my warmest friends and associates while I was in Belgium, accompanying me to every city that I visited, paying his own expenses and contributing very liberally to all collections. He composed a song of welcome which was sung by children in all parts of Belgium. The chorus follows:

Je suis sauvé, Hallelujah,
Comme ça, Major Winchell,
Je suis sauvé, Hallelujah,
Venez, allez avec lui au ciel !

Mr. Hubenot is an accomplished singer himself and put plenty of hum and ‘pep’ into all our meetings. He is a very humorous speaker, keeping people in uproarious laughter, but in no wise interfering with the reverential outcome of the meetings. When we got down into Flanders, I found Mr. Hubenot

of much assistance, as he speaks the Flemish language. By day he would look after his business interests in the various towns and gave some little time introducing me to prominent people.

Montignies :

"My next stop was Montignies, about ten miles distant. This also is a coal mining town, mostly populated by illiterate poor. I noticed many very old people, who seemed to be starving for kindness. A few words of love and good cheer fell like dew-drops upon their parched spirits. How grateful they all were!

"I was entertained here at the home of a poor cobbler who had gone to Germany to earn a living at his trade and had left his wife and mother to look after a small store which had brought no income since the war began. He would send remittances from Germany every two weeks.

"I visited also the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vandercam, veteran Salvationists, four of whose children were officers of rank stationed in various parts of Belgium. Mother Vandercam was an invalid but a woman of sweet Christian spirit. Here I arranged to purchase clothing for one hundred children. The suits were made by the comrades of the corps.

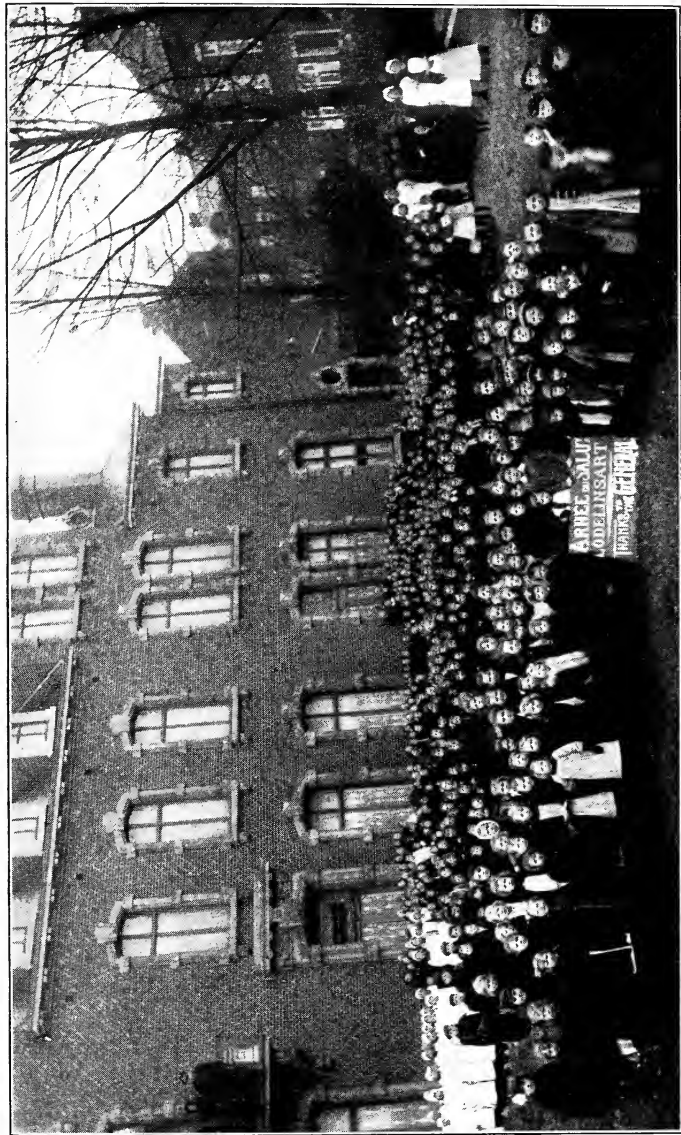
Lodelinsart :

"Our little party visited this town and found a fine work, conducted by Ensign Vandercam, one of

the sons just mentioned. The ensign properly belongs to Paris headquarters. In August, 1914, he was home with his parents for a short furlough in Belgium but could not return on account of German occupation. He could in no way communicate with the French commander of the Armée de Salut, so he informed Staff-Captain Blanchard that he would take an appointment. Therefore Lodelinsart was his post. The ensign is a man of superior qualities and soon got in touch with the needs of the community and organized a station for the distribution of relief in connection with the Hotel de Ville of that commune. On the occasion of my first visit, some 400 children were brought in to the tables.

"In the big theatre at Lodelinsart, we organized a soup kitchen for school children. At first we cared for 400 but, before I left, we were able to feed 1,400. The school teachers marched the children directly from their studies and they were seated in relays of 500. The picture herewith shows 800 youngsters to whom we made a special contribution of woolen stockings, the city having donated sabots or wooden shoes. The Salvation Army and the commune collaborate in this great public relief. I was received by a committee appointed by the commune council and a deputation of school teachers, headed by their superintendent.

"It was with great difficulty this picture was obtained, the local German commandant objecting on account of laws prohibiting an assembly on the street, but our good friend, M. Metzger, a Swiss-



MAJOR WINCHELL (ON BALCONY) AND SALVATION ARMY RELIEF FORCE (IN WHITE) WITH
SCHOOL CHILDREN AT LODELINSART.



German, a wealthy coal distributor, invited us into his garden and the picture was taken in the wide open lawn in front of his château.

“An amusing incident occurred upon the occasion of my introduction to these little black-eyed Belgians. There were assembled there fully four hundred who filed in at the tables, standing, as it was announced that the man from America had come to visit them. So much had been heard about America that they wanted to see a real live American, quite forgetting their soup in the excitement and curiosity. Seated on the stage, I enjoyed their soup with forty young ones who watched me closely the while. The little boy next me turning his head away for a moment, I quite shamelessly stole a spoonful of his soup. Unanimously the small Belgians cheered the bold man who had come all the way from America to rob a poor little Belgian boy of his soup. They laughed and applauded in highest glee—and the little boy got another whole plate of soup.

“That night a deputation of two, one a tiny three-year-old girl, waited upon me, as shown in the picture, bringing a bouquet and the other singing a specially written song. In nearly every town I was welcomed by little Belgian and American flags, borne and made by the children who demonstrated in every possible way their gladness upon seeing me.

“Upon my second visit, February 10th, there was a great reception by the authorities. Mr.

Cornelius Debruyne headed a committee to give a civic welcome, making an address, most pathetic and inspiring. The substance of his remarks was that the Belgian people regretted that any bitterness should come between them and the Germans who had been friends for many centuries. He expressed a hope that the time might hasten when the terrible war should cease, true justice and equity be meted out to all and the wounds be healed. He voiced also in behalf of his town thankfulness to the American people and to General Booth.

"I replied by saying that the remarks of Mr. Debruyne conveyed the finest spirit that I had ever heard expressed; that I purposed on my return to America to make this known to the American people and that nothing would be of greater inspiration to our country which loved and appreciated the sacrifice of Belgian people.

"I was entertained at the home of a brother of Ensign Vandercam, who is superintendent of one of the largest glass factories in Belgium. This big concern had been closed since the war started, export business being impossible.

Forchies-la-Marche :

"Ensign L. Vandercam, daughter of the family described at Montignies, has charge here with Cadet Babando, my interpreter. On both visits to this town, January 13th and February 9th, a very extensive relief was organized. Here the

Bourgrestre J. Monreau-Lemaire of the city presided. The town had been decorated to welcome me, hundreds of little flags having been made by the children and posted everywhere. Some flags were quite large, and people were unable to buy these flags as there were none on sale and they had no money anyway.

"The ensign had taught the children some Salvation Army choruses in English and these little ones, numbering several hundred, would sing with that peculiar charming Belgian accent that gave a tinge to the melody. So anxious were they to make me appreciate their sincerity that they would stand on their very tiptoes and voluntarily stretch out their hands to me, clapping and cheering. Never shall I forget those dear little faces and beautiful eyes, expressive of love and appreciation. Our hall was so crowded as to be almost unbearable and the streets were filled with people clamoring to get in. I had to walk up and down the streets of this town that the people might see me and shake my hand. I went to visit one man who had been bedridden for three years. His spine had been injured by a cave-in in a mine. He had to lift himself to a sitting posture by means of a miniature derrick placed above his head. He had lain there all those years and very glad was he when I called and prayed with him. A devout member of the Salvation Army, his time was spent chiefly in reading the Bible.

"One of the most interesting converts I have ever

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met was a woman whom I heard speak in Forchies. Criminally insane for years, she had murdered a man and had cut her own throat from ear to ear but, when she sought the mercies of God at the Army's penitent form, her reason had returned. Now she is a woman of fine mentality and is recognized as one of the most earnest Christian workers in the province of Hainault.

"In this town I made an extensive trip to secure potato land for the unemployed. A very successful venture had been made the previous year and the following is the report of what was accomplished : On three and one-half acres, thirty-two families had planted and cultivated in small plots. The result was that they had gathered in for the winter something like 39,000 pounds of potatoes which made about six hundred bushels. The expense of renting the land and plowing the same was about seven hundred francs.

Bracquinnies :

"Adjutant and Mrs. Crozier have charge here. In Bracquinnies my first function was to conduct the funeral of the late Sergeant John Boutet. The sergeant had planned to attend my meeting but, two days before, he went down into a mine, 2,200 feet, and was crushed to death by a fall of sand. Himself a former anarchist, he had come of an anarchist family, and a brother is serving now a life sentence for throwing bombs. The sergeant was converted twelve years before, and his life

spoke volumes for Christ. Fully one thousand miners, with bowed heads, stood outside his cottage during the services in spite of inclement weather. Here I made a liberal grant to the widow and her baby.

"I was entertained in Bracquinnies by one of the poor miners. I desired to learn exactly how the people were faring. It was somewhat difficult for me to ask many questions but nevertheless I managed to spend the evening, take supper, sleep all night, and have breakfast. The poorest of the poor Belgians are spotlessly clean. The women are constantly scrubbing floors and fronts of houses, and washing windows. So it was not hard to share their meals of black coffee, bread and jam—not much nourishment for a strong man to eat and carry for luncheon and come back to get the same thing, day after day. Still I found no complaint and they were more cheerful than myself at having that kind of fare. In fact, I never found among those with whom I had much intercourse any discontent. They seemed to be following the Scripture, 'Take no thought of the morrow; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' In this town, Adjutant Crozier had acquired some tracts of land for the cultivation of potatoes which I sanctioned during my visit.

Mons:

"Although we have no work in the immediate centre of this city, it was my privilege to visit here

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several times. Mons is a fine, well-built city with a magnificent civic centre. It is a town of about 25,000 people. There had been some fierce fighting in this city and one portion was badly damaged on account, as the Germans say, of the snipers who were hiding in basements and on roofs. Everything seems to be quite active, business going about the same as in any other community as far as I could ascertain.

Quaregnon :

“Adjutant A. Renaud has had charge of this city for a number of years. She is one of the heroines of the war. Thus she told her story: ‘When the English troops came to build their trenches near Mons where I am stationed, I found them very busy with their work, so that my lieutenant and I made up a large amount of tea and coffee and lunches and carried them to the troops while they were working. Later they were overwhelmed and driven back by the Germans after three days of fighting. My chief work was during the time of the rain of shot and shell. My corps was located in the very battle centre. In the face of terrific fire, we gathered the women and children into a bomb-proof cellar underneath our building where they were kept for forty-eight hours. After the English had been driven back and the Germans, hungry and fatigued, came along, I invited them in as well and provided lunches for them in our hall.’

“Quaregnon is one of the greatest Salvation Army centres I have ever had the privilege of seeing. Altogether we visited this town three times and conducted six meetings. Here we organized a large relief work especially in the way of wooden shoes and clothing. Again in this city the people begged me to walk up and down the streets and I was greeted by thousands.

Seraing :

“After a few days’ rest in Brussels, our trio booked a passage for Seraing. This is a large suburb on the outskirts of Liège. We had to transfer from railroad train to tram which brought us to our destination in about forty minutes. Liège proper was not much damaged by the invasion, although we passed through streets where hand grenades had exploded against the buildings, breaking windows and cutting up the fronts of buildings. The fighting was in the great forts which surround the city at a distance of a few miles in each direction. We had to cross the River Meuse and pass by the great Cotteril Steel Works, the most extensive in that part of Europe.

“We have a very interesting corps in this city where great things have been accomplished. The dominant political power of this community is pronounced Socialism. It is probably the strongest centre of Socialism, although most of the industrial towns are under the control of this party. The Salvation Army does not mix much in political

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discussions but carries on the work of saving the people which it considers the best brand of social advancement. In Seraing, we organized a relief work, not as extensive as in other places, but a number of needy families were given weekly grants from the fund which I handled. Here I met one of the superintendents of the iron works who gave me quite a knowledge of industrial conditions, explaining that probably one-third of the mills and foundries were in operation but it was hard to get results from laborers because of lack of nourishment.

Verviers :

“Captain Van Hooland is in charge here. She is the brave little woman who walked forty-five miles to report for duty at the outbreak of the war and was sent by Staff-Captain Blanchard to this corps. Through her enterprise, one of the largest relief stations had been established in connection with the city authorities. One hundred thousand francs is spent every week in feeding about 22,000 people out of a population of 60,000. A large part of this money is donated by the Relief Commission and in turn goods are purchased from the Commission. About eighty per cent. of the money is donated by the C. R. B. and the rest raised by the wealthy classes either in donations or taxes.

“While at Verviers I was entertained at the home of M. and Mme. Pilizer of the Claremont Château which is surrounded by magnificent gar-

dens. M. Pilizer probably is one of the wealthiest men in Belgium, and is one of the most extensive serge manufacturers in the world. He suffered severe loss at the time of the invasion. The use of his carriage was proffered, but, on account of the steep hills, I preferred to walk, visiting, some miles distant, many historic spots.

“The next day near Liège we took a trip viewing the graves where hundreds of brave men lie buried, one containing 345 German soldiers interred side by side. German authorities have fenced this in and beautifully adorned it with flowers, some blooming even in the month of January. Just ten feet away was another grave wherein 218 Belgians are buried in like manner. At one end of this grave a crucifix had been erected and the earth was verdant with the work of loving hands. I plucked one or two flowers near these graves and put them in the band of my cap to bring back to this country.

“Returning from these scenes, we were coming through to Seraing and had to change cars at Liège. While passing through that city on a Sunday afternoon—it was the second day of the bombardment at Verdun—we could hear distinctly the booming of the big guns although it was a distance of a hundred miles or more. It is possible that this sound was carried along the river bed of the Meuse, as that stream runs not only through Verdun but winds its way to Liège. The firing there must have been terrific.

Louvain and Tervueren :

“One day while in conversation with the American Minister, Mr. Brand Whitlock, he requested me to interest myself during my trips through Belgium in behalf of a certain class of needy people. Mr. Whitlock stated that he had a fund at his disposal and was particularly anxious to help those who had suffered the most. He referred especially to once well-to-do persons who had lost their homes and possessions at the time of the invasion. These people being homeless would feel their loss more keenly than those who had been always drifting about. So I took special pains to find that class. Of course, the larger number had fled with the refugees at the beginning of the war, but there are many hundreds who decided to remain in Belgium even though their houses and possessions were destroyed. While doing some relief work in Louvain, I found a man who had been for forty-five years a public official in that city. Now he cannot do the legal work that brought him an income. He has built a little shanty in which he sells cigars and in the back of which, together with his wife, he lives. He does not make enough to keep the wolf from the door. This case was reported to Mr. Whitlock who assured me that he would assume the responsibility of caring for them. In Tervueren I found a broker, prosperous before the war, but now reduced to penury. This case also was reported and, with others that I found, was relieved. Louvain was a sadly damaged city as described.

“For many blocks were heaps of ruins. The town hall was intact, but the great library a desolation and the Cathedral about half destroyed. Tervueren has one of the most magnificent museums in the world, constructed by the late King Leopold, devoted to exhibits from the Congo. This has been in no way molested.

Antwerp :

“Staff-Captain Blanchard and myself made several trips to Antwerp. This is the second largest city in Belgium and suffered much from the bombardment. Quite a number of fine buildings were injured not far from the city hall. This town appeared to me to be pretty much deserted, as was the case in Brussels, for a large proportion of the wealthiest people had made their exodus and business seemed to be almost at a standstill. Yet, in some parts, there was activity. Ensign Meates and her lieutenant had charge of the corps here. They have quite a large hall, crowded every night. I understand that many people come to the cheerful meetings, saving in this manner expenses of fuel and light at their homes. Perhaps there is no town where our relief work is more extensive and fills more of a need than right here.

Lille, France :

“There is a Salvation Army corps at Croix, environs of Lille, where the officers have been cut off from all communication ever since the early

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days of the war. We had feared that they might be starving or at least suffering through the bombardment. I made a strong effort to reach these heroic workers. Application for a pass, recommended at Brussels, was refused by the Commander at Lille. Hence I was not privileged to visit Adjutant Blanc, to conduct meetings and to organize relief for her corps, but the Germans kindly investigated local needs, the Adjutant replying through the investigators that I could remit money to them at any time desired. This was done promptly and, the day before leaving Belgium, I received, by a German government messenger, a receipt on the back of which the Adjutant had written: 'We are keeping our Blood and Fire banner waving high in the midst of all the trouble. We are visiting the poor people and cheering them. Meetings are well attended and souls are being converted. Money sent came at a time of desperate need and will be of great benefit. Thank you so much.' "

During the nine weeks that Major Winchell spent in Belgium he conducted thirty-four meetings, some two hundred and fifty converts kneeling at the penitent form, and as many in meetings following—a total of five hundred souls confessing Christ. Everywhere great throngs listened to the American.

The relief work already organized in each city where the Army had a corps was enlarged. A weekly subsidy of three to five francs was given to

five hundred families to last until the end of war. Beside this a well organized relief corps was to be found in each town in which the Army operates, working together with the officials. Cloth was purchased and garments made under Salvation Army direction for several thousand children. Sabots or wooden shoes were bought and presented to about three thousand poor persons. Milk stations were established wherever milk could be obtained. Land was acquired in three districts for potato raising.

Altogether the work organized by the Major is of peculiar effectiveness. Through the established corps of the Armée de Salut those who suffered most were sought out and helped because in the vast relief of the Commission there are not facilities to seek out these individual cases. There is no question but that many of the thousands aided by Major Winchell's special mission among the old, sick and helpless would have perished of privation. The Army, in other words, got to the forgotten ones.

It is a pity that just such a work is not organized in every city. Not to be overlooked is the effectiveness of the Salvation Army in these Belgian towns in comforting the people who are lonely, literally starving for friendship. The officers of the Army are among the most devoted and self-sacrificing Christian workers in the world and the people love them for this. The Major found uniforms and other clothing for all the field officers under Staff-Captain Blanchard's command.

XI

The Children of Belgium

When a deed is done for Freedom,
Through the broad earth's aching breast
Goes a thrill of joy prophetic,
Trembling on from East to West ;
And the slave, where'er he cowers,
Feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood,
As the energy sublime
Of a century bursts, full blossomed,
On the thorny stem of Time.

Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future
And, in the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.

—*Lowell.*

THE little state of Belgium has been, for centuries, between the upper and the nether millstone of European politics ; for centuries alternating 'twixt Austria and Spain and Holland ; sometimes united and sometimes split up into independent dukedoms. But since

1830, when it declared its independence from Holland, it has been developed into a constitutional monarchy. It has become in recent years a prosperous nation, granting in many ways, by the right of franchise, greater liberties than are enjoyed in some so-called republics.

Thus the constant injection of the variegated life and customs of every European people, commingling for centuries, has made Belgium not unlike America as "a melting pot."

The Belgians, therefore, are cemented from ingredients of French, German, Flemish, Spanish and Anglo-Saxon as well.

The poorer people, on account of these national vicissitudes for years upon years, have been neglected and among the peasant and industrial classes much illiteracy and consequent immoral conditions have existed. But during the past two decades the government, alternating between the clericals and liberals by the vote of an independent "balance of power," has forced legislation that has done much for the betterment of the common people.

Public schools are established in every commune and the government has made it possible for children and their parents to determine as to religious instruction. The state also backs Protestant as well as Catholic instruction in the churches. The Salvation Army has enjoyed liberal consideration from both clergy and governmental officials.

So the children of Belgium have suffered dis-

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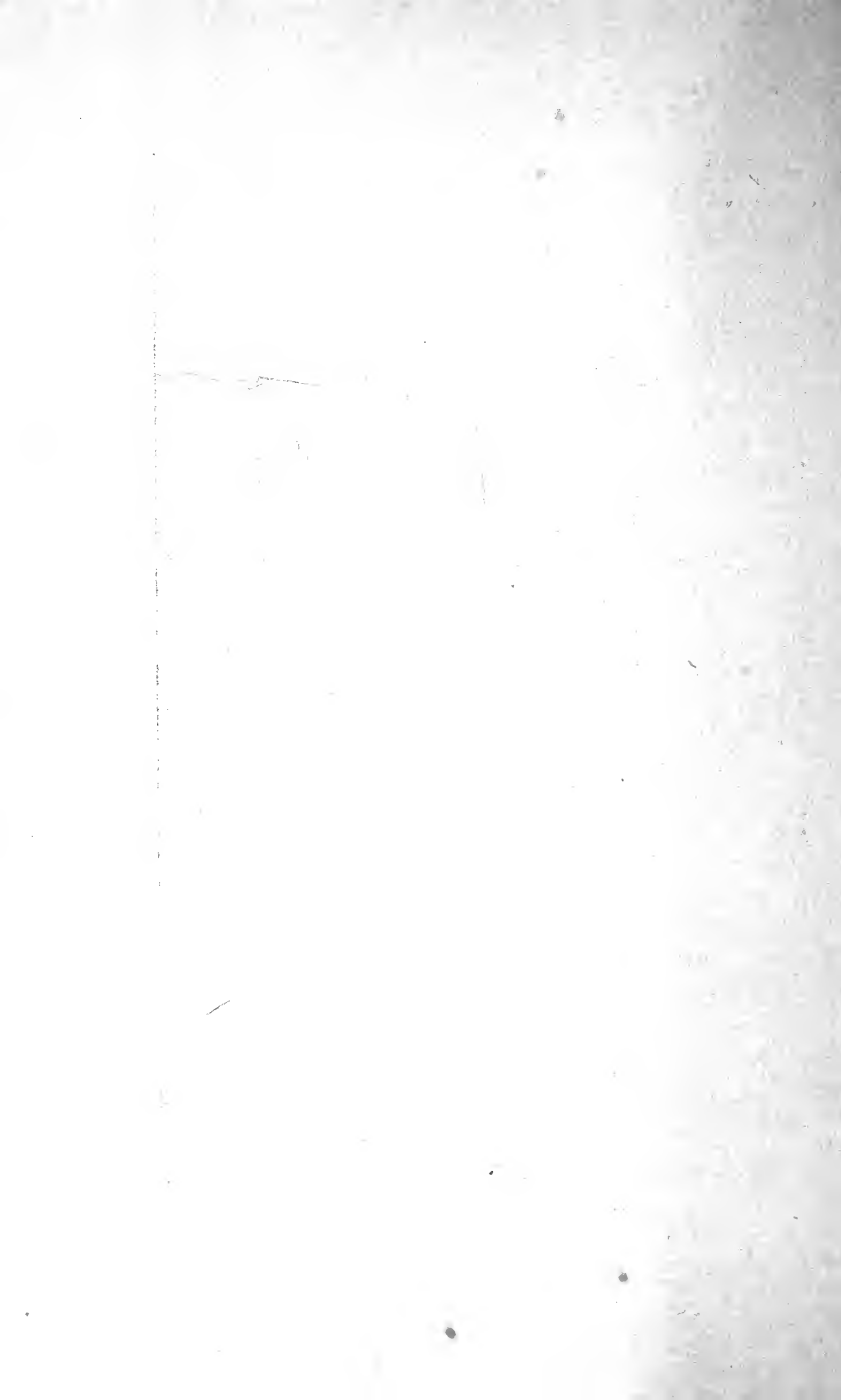
advantages that have been escaped in many other European countries. There has been no compulsory education, hence the large percentage of illiteracy among the population. The German government, as in Germany, now compels all Belgian children, under fourteen years of age, to attend school.

Among the distressing conditions in Belgium is extreme poverty and, in the coal mining districts especially, the evils of child and woman labor. Women, even mothers, have been compelled by sheer necessity to work in the coal mines, but laws are now enforced forbidding much of this class of labor which in past centuries has undermined the welfare of child life. The number of women who work in the mines has been greatly reduced since the war began.

Major Winchell, in his American field, has mingled perhaps as much as any man with the children of all nationalities, encountering thousands in his great enterprises to improve conditions in American cities wherein he has labored. He knows the Irish, the Poles, the Jews, the Italians and about every other nationality of juveniles, but during this mission he mingled, for the first time, with the little Belgians. What fine little fellows these little rotund Belgian kiddies are! Bright, alert and with sweet faces, they have a stock for a glorious future. Given the opportunity that the outcome of this war may bring, they will not have suffered in vain. From them, if given advantage,



A CIVIC RECEPTION WAS GIVEN TO THE MAJOR AT
LODELINSART. THESE TWO BELGIAN CHILDREN
BROUGHT FLOWERS AND AN ADDRESS IN BEHALF OF
THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS EXPRESSING THEIR GRATITUDE
TO AMERICA.



will come great things to determine the future weal of the race. Belgium will not have been crucified in vain upon the cross of steel and fire in this terrible war. Through their suffering is coming a blessedness of vision, a development of the intensity of soul life.

If the people of America, especially those who have contributed in any way to the relief of Belgium, could only have been in that country, how happy they would have been to see and to hear the enthusiastic gratitude of the inhabitants, more particularly of the dear little children !

Oh, how they love America—how they wanted the fact known ! How they hoped that the Major might return to his great land and say “Thank you” so loudly, so emphatically, that all America might know they meant it !

“The thought came to me,” says Major Winchell, “as I went in and out among these Belgians, listening to their greetings, some pathetic, all affectionate, that, if the rulers of the nations desire to make conquest, it must be through the very methods of human kindness.

“Were the question asked, ‘Who conquered Belgium?’ the true answer would be ‘The President of the United States.’ The Belgian common people give to him the credit for backing the movement to feed them in the years of war and famine. Possible it is that America gets more credit than she deserves, for other nations have done their part and should have their share in the loving gratitude

of the Belgians, but to America, nevertheless, seems to be accorded all the glory.

"In one meeting I said: 'Now, children, I am going to return to America. Had I pockets enough, I should like to take all of you back with me. How many would like to go?' The response may be imagined.

"America must not forget to keep going the work so magnificently begun in poor little Belgium. To see the multitude of upturned faces, to behold the outstretched hands, to hear the sweet voices in song would move any heart not adamant, would burn into one's very soul.

"Should the war be long continued, let us pray that the blockade of the Allies may be kept still open, that the Teuton arms may allow their gates of steel to swing wide for the world's philanthropy to starving Belgium. May the supply in no wise diminish. God knows the need. May He quicken the hearts of them to whom He has entrusted plenty.

"Many letters from the children, expressive of greatest gratitude, came to me from almost every Belgian town or village visited. In Forchies-la-Marche my souvenir was a piece of muslin on which had been drawn in crayon a picture captioned, 'Vive l'Amerique.' There was the golden sun shining upon the Western land, the ship on the ocean to bear me back, the birds of passage and of peace, the lighthouse flying the Stars and Stripes. With this came a letter, signed by 160 children,

who had pledged themselves to pray for a month that my return voyage to America might be safe. How could harm befall one for whom so many prayed in America and for whom such faith was shown in Belgium?"

Following are translations of a few of the many letters that Major Winchell received, while in Belgium, from his little friends :

Lodelinsart, February 10, 1916.

SIR :

Our hearts filled with gratitude, we, the pupils of the school for girls at Lodelinsart, Aulniats, come to thank you for all your generosity. Never shall we forget you! Our thankfulness towards you is unlimited. Years later, when we shall think of the dread times through which our dear country passed, we shall remember that you came from America to help the unfortunates.

We say good-bye to you, we wish you a good voyage and return, and we beg you to take to our friends in America heartiest greetings.

(Signed by eighteen pupils.)

Quaregnon, February 6, 1916.

MAJOR WINCHELL :

I have no words to thank you for all you have done for us. Your kindness is great and your charity incomparable. Be assured that you have not forgotten a needy one. I repeat my heartiest thanks, begging you to accept the expression of my sincerest remembrance.

CLEMENTINE L'HAN.

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Seraing, February 10, 1916.

(With photograph.)

In remembrance of your visit to us. We shall never forget your goodness and we hope that this picture will remind you often that we are thinking gratefully of yourself.

MARTHE WESTDAG and
LITTLE VICTORINE.

Marchiennes, February 10, 1916.

SIR:

Once more to-day, for giving them an agreeable surprise, you have gathered a party of children to whom you gave a delicious soup. At every occasion and under every circumstance you show the interest you have in those whom Fate has disinherited.

How to give you thanks? How to give thanks also to all those who at Santa Claus and New Years have not forgotten the little ones and have given them a little of the joy of former and more happy years.

We all are full of thanks which we do not know how to express. With all the strength of our lungs, we cry: "Thanks, gentlemen. Be blessed for your generosity. Vive l'Amerique!"

BERTHA VAMSMAD.

Quaregnon, February 6, 1916.

MAJOR WINCHELL:

With this I express my best wishes and feelings of thankfulness towards Major Winchell. His heart is full of humanity. Unfortunately his pres-

ence is too short. I see in the Major my greatest benefactor after God Himself.

I pray to God that He will guide you on your return to America. Excuse me, my dear Major, when my writing is not perfect. I am your humble servant, praying to God for a safe voyage for you. Accept my regards and respect.

LEON MAHIEN.

Belgium children are worth saving. They must be better fed. The lack of proper nourishment weakens their constitution and tuberculosis and other ailments have resulted to an alarming extent.

If it were not for the soup and bread provided 600,000 poor children utterly dependent would probably perish while the remaining million and a half are more or less dependent, as well as the adult population.

Blessings upon the President of the United States and the governors of states and local committees and especially upon Mr. Herbert Hoover and his coadjutors for keeping up the work of the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

Blessings upon the General and officers of the Salvation Army and all others who are doing their best to keep alive these precious souls until a brighter day.

XII

Social Conditions

SOcial conditions in Belgium constitute one of the most interesting studies ever presented by any country in any age of the world's history. Comparison might be found in the Babylonish occupation of Jerusalem, or in the Roman domination of Carthage.

This war will stand out in ages to come as the third great crisis of the world since the Creation. First, the Deluge; second, the Crucifixion; third, this World War.

Belgium is the storm centre of the war, and has been so since the first gun was fired. What observations are made in this chapter are entirely from an independent view-point as Major Winchell saw the situation. He is under no bias of opinion, pro-one way or pro-another. He frankly told a German official that he was neutral, purposing to return to America and relate things as he actually found them. The reply was: "We are satisfied if you will tell the truth. Had the truth been told from the beginning, the American public would not have the prejudice that now exists."

The Major tells of exact conditions as he found them, favorable or otherwise. He did not go to Belgium to exploit war relations. He went to

perform a work of relief, to cheer the poor and to do all in his power to promote peace and good will among the nations. In all that he says, the Major strives to keep the object of his mission clear and unsullied.

It is true that he saw many cities in ruins or badly damaged as were described again and again in the early part of the war and would not be of special interest. It is not for him to discuss causes or to place responsibility. His story is of social and economic conditions as they really exist at the present time. Those of the American public and of the world at large who have had any part in the support of Belgium have a right to know as far as the Major's observations go. Speaking of German atrocities in Belgian territory, Major Winchell said on his return to America :

“Some atrocities undoubtedly were committed not contemplated in the tactics of ordinary warfare. War in any phase is cruel, barbarous. I met the Belgian girl whose arm was severed by a German soldier's sword. I had some talk with her. She has forgiven the soldier that did the deed and holds no malice. This is the case which was published everywhere and which led the world to believe that such practices were common in Belgium. Incidents of this sort follow inevitably in the wake of all wars, even as they were present in the American civil strife of 1861-1865. I heard other stories of cruelties in the beginning. As to the disfiguring of children not one such instance came to my knowl-

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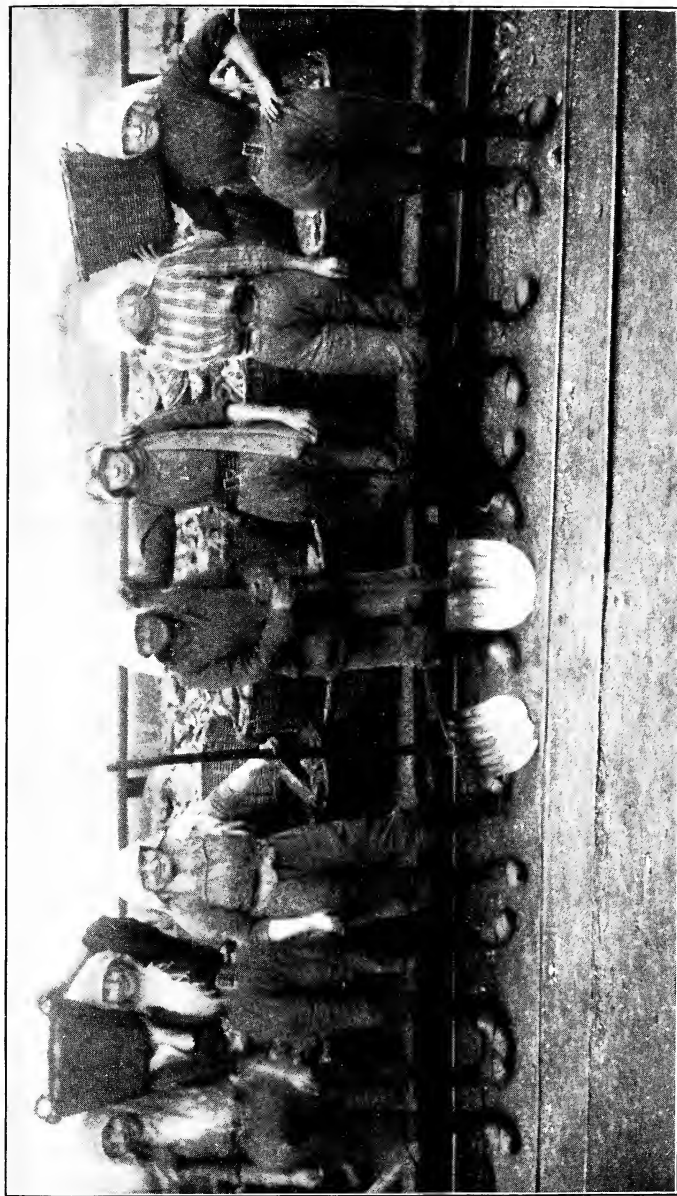
edge though I mingled with the people in all sections and heard all kinds of reports."

"Is the German military rule in Belgium severe and oppressive?" was asked.

"In the battle zone, which is completely under military dictation, I should say 'Yes.' In that portion under the civil governor, however, it is rigid but not what we would term severe. I believe that the German government has done much to reestablish normal conditions, to win back the Belgians, especially the wealthier class, in order that business activities might be resumed. To this end they have been most tolerant. Many inducements are made and some are accepted, but a majority of Belgians are in resentful mood. A member of the American legation remarked to me that the more they saw of Baron von Bissing, the civil governor, the more were they impressed that he was a man who had the welfare of the people at heart. Continuing this gentleman added, 'But he has a tough job.'"

"How about industrial conditions?" is another question often asked since the Major's return.

"Never better so far as agriculture is concerned," is the invariable reply. He had ample opportunity to become acquainted with the true facts, having to find and rent land on which potatoes might be raised. He devoted much time also to the industrial districts. Coal mining is fairly active, the men working about a third of the time. Mines are operated by the owners but they are required to



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WOMEN MINE WORKERS OF BELGIUM.

From Underwood & Underwood



pay a large war tax which has sent up the price of coal to about eleven dollars a ton. Last winter was very mild so that there was not great suffering among the people.

The glass works, for which Belgium is famous, are not working at all. Neither are the lace industries in Brussels. The iron and steel works about Liège operate on one-third time, this information being derived from a superintendent out of employment at Seraing. Tram car lines, running from city to city and through the rural sections as well, are controlled and operated by Belgian corporations as formerly, but the railways are entirely in the hands of the Germans who use them principally for military purposes.

"As to the general appearance of the people and of local business activities," said the Major, "I was quite surprised to find most of the population fairly well dressed and going about in a peaceful way. On tram or railway trains there is little conversation, little expression of opinion among the people. Few questions are asked by either Germans or Belgians.

"Automobiles are not permitted to be used except by the German army or the C. R. B. But very many persons ride bicycles and there are plenty of teams. Likewise I was surprised to see fairly good horses. To be sure, dogs and donkeys are the chief burden bearers in these days in Belgium. There is some live stock. One unusually large flock of sheep were pastured in the extensive

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park in Saint Gilles, near which I roomed. Retail shops appear to be carrying on business all over the country. Fruit, vegetables and fresh meats now obtainable are of native production. Every shop seemed well stocked although prices were high, as in Holland, despite German efforts to keep them down. I saw quantities of oranges and other tropical fruits but did not ascertain whence they came. Sea food is plentiful, especially shell fish, much of this being derived from Germany or Holland, the fighting forces occupying the greater share of Belgium's own shores. Supplies of clothing were in a way to become exhausted. Wishing to procure cloth for our officers' uniforms, we found the supply very limited."

"Are there many men in Belgium and, if so, how do they spend their time?"

"There were more than a million men in the country, I was told. All those of military age are 'under control' and must report regularly to the German authorities. Normal pursuits of life, keeping certain business interests in operation, afford employment to many, and large numbers have gone to Germany to do men's work in place of the soldiers who are at the front.

"The greater percentage, however, are idle. They cannot or will not work. It was interesting to see them walking here and there for it is prohibited to congregate in the streets. Groups, perhaps fifteen or twenty in number, saunter along discussing the war. These groups are dubbed 'de'l

estaffe-unis' and the reason given for so many men not in the Belgian army is that they had had no time to enlist before the sudden German occupation. Every Tuesday there appeared to be much business transacted on the Bourse in Brussels."

"How about the theatres and other pleasure resorts?"

"Brussels presents a decidedly cheerful aspect at night in striking contrast to darkened London. Everything seemed to be in full blast. All the theatres and motion picture palaces are open as usual and enjoy fair patronage. This statement, probably, is not true to such an extent in the provincial towns, Brussels itself being thronged continually by German officers revelling in the one big city near the western front. Visiting several playhouses on different nights, I found large audiences. At some Flemish is spoken, at others French, while still others offer German performances by German artists.

"School sessions and church services proceed just as before the war. Belgians, in so far as ascertained, are permitted to worship without interference. I attended service at the great Saint Église Ste-Gudule in Brussels, a Roman Catholic church very like St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City. On this particular occasion, the Kaiser's birthday, a military mass was conducted by German priests. Germany's school law has been enforced in Belgium, compelling children to attend school until fourteen years of age. Heretofore,

the education of these little ones had been neglected, thousands having been forced to work in mines and factories at the tender age of eight.

“Belgian daily newspapers—about three in Brussels—are allowed to print the news in brief. There are usually two or three columns of paragraph telegrams from all parts of the world, which news, in ordinary times, would occupy as many pages. Published matter is reliable but, of course, strictly censored by the Germans. Those were anxious days for me and I was eager to get every possible line of American news. It was at the time of the *Persia* incident, when the President was dealing with Germany on the subject, and I gained intelligence sufficient to know how near to a breaking point the two countries had been.

“News stands were well supplied with weekly and monthly publications mostly German. Rotterdam papers were in circulation. Somewhere in Belgium there is published a newspaper called *Libre Belge*, the source of which the German authorities were unable to locate, nor did they know who was its author or where it was printed. This sheet was very bitter in denunciation of German rule and it is widely circulated in spite of the rigid Teuton censorship. Belgians, especially the French element, are more than eager to obtain Parisian newspapers which are brought into the country by means unknown. I saw none of these but was told that they bring as high as twenty-five francs, or about \$5.00, a copy.

“Rev. William T. McLaughlin and Rev. E. A. Kelly, rectors of Roman Catholic churches in my home town, Jersey City, gave me letters of introduction to members of the clergy in Belgium. I had hoped to meet his eminence, Cardinal Mercier, but the latter being in Rome the letters were sent to his secretary by Professor Hanus, a lay member of the Cathedral at Malines. This was at about the time that Cardinal Mercier had requested the establishment of a court comprising German, Belgian and neutral cardinals to decide upon the alleged destruction of church property and the wrongs inflicted upon the Belgians. Bitterness and resentment towards the invaders is very strong among the clergy and the upper classes in Belgium, these patriots loving their country and believing that it will come back to them some time. The consensus of Belgian opinion is that the country will be restored eventually and that they will enjoy their independence once more.

“The Germans, as conquerors, might display far more of severity. An example of leniency was their treatment of some three hundred Englishwomen, of all classes of society, who were stranded in and about Brussels. I spent several evenings with a Mrs. Scott, a wealthy woman who was of the number. An order went forth for their deportation, their belongings were packed for shipment or disposed of at sale while some who owned real estate sold out their possessions. Then it was learned that very many of these women had no

wish to be sent to England. All their friends, all their interests were in Belgium. More than a few, born of British parents in Belgium, spoke only French and had never seen England. So the deportation order was rescinded, property was reclaimed whenever possible, and matters went on as they had gone aforetime.

“Many portraits were to be seen of the Belgian king, queen and princes. Belgian flags as well as American welcomed me everywhere and all these were allowed to be sold in the shops. No picture is more conspicuous in all Belgium than that of Minister Brand Whitlock, who commands not only the love of the Belgians but the respect of both Germans and Allies. This I found especially on my return through the lines of both. When I returned Mr. Whitlock gave me a letter addressed to English custom house and other officials. Mr. Whitlock, representing His Britannic Majesty's interests in Belgium, requested all to give me special courtesies as an American citizen. With this letter I found how much respect he commanded from the Germans as well as British. Art galleries and museums, of which Brussels is justly proud, are all kept open and well ordered. In each of these that I visited were many Belgians as well as Germans, and the institutions are directed by native authorities.

“Hospitals, of course, are chiefly devoted to care of the wounded. The attendants are mainly Belgian, the appliances are modern and the arrange-

ments complete and sanitary. Bandage supplies are practically exhausted. Wounded limbs are protected but fly-screens and the wounds themselves are washed and padded with wood pulp, a method which has shown excellent results.

“Yet the machinery of German control is perfect. One million Belgians of military age must report each week. Thousands of French, Italian, English and other belligerents must report once a month. Two thousand women of ill repute must report to the Saint Gilles hospital. No one may travel without a pass containing photograph. No passes are issued to residents of enemy countries except by day, week or month.

“Belgium is being Germanized. The names of towns on railways are now spelled in the German language. For instance, Liège is Lüttish; Bruxelles is Brüssel, etc. All clocks exposed to public view must show German time. Little mail is permitted to enter Belgium from Holland or Switzerland and none from elsewhere. A proper address, for example, would read: ‘—— —, Brüssel, Germany.’

“There are in all Belgium only about three hundred Americans including seventy members of the C. R. B. and the United States legation.

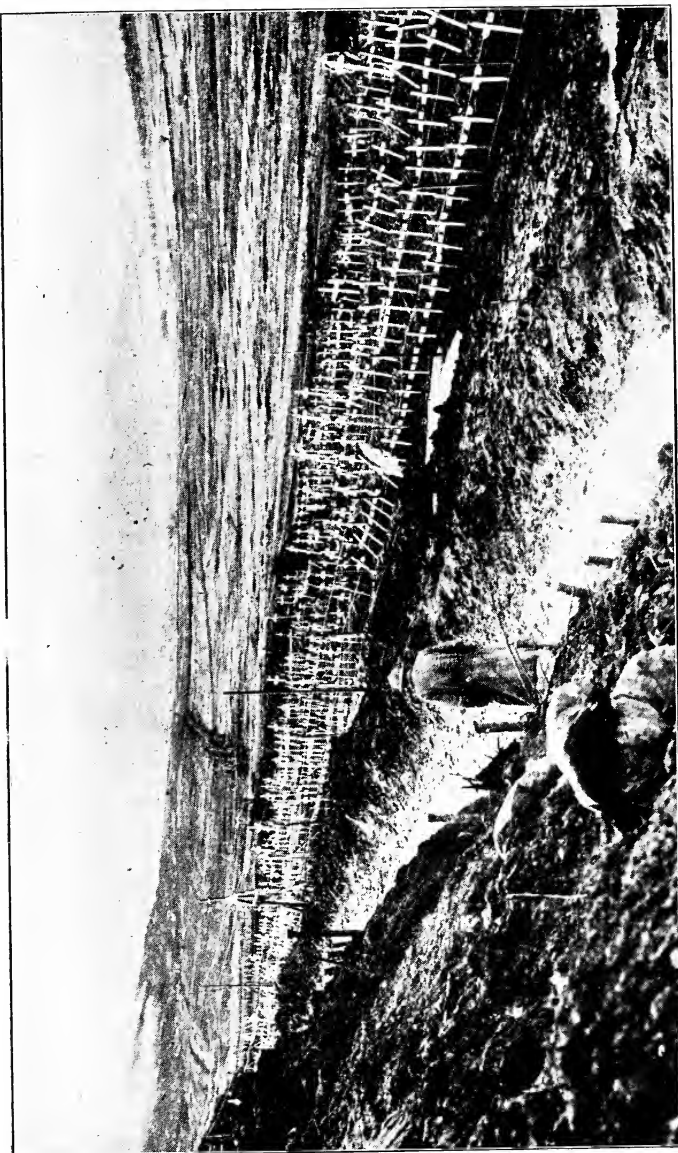
“The scarcity and irregularity of food was evidenced differently in the various towns. In Marchiennes-au-Pont there was a quantity of rice, beans and potatoes but it was very difficult to procure lard or pork with which to prepare soup. In

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Lodelinsart no sugar was available. In Forchies-la-Marche there was no food but potatoes. In Bracquinnies we could get no sugar. Thus was it in every locality because of the Commission's difficulties in distribution.

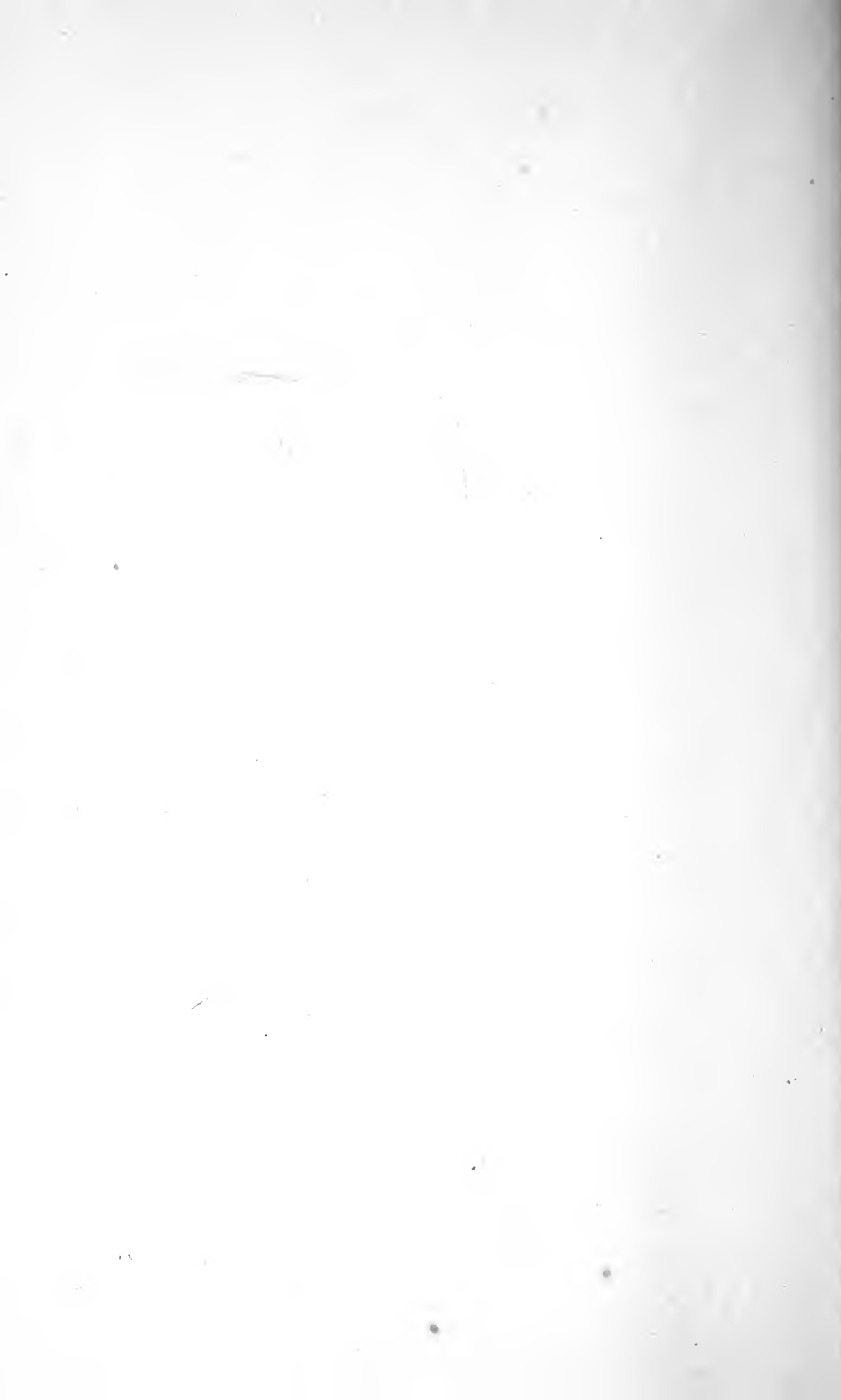
"The vegetable called in Belgium 'secum' was served at almost every meal. This legume is prepared as a salad similar to young green onions and, when cooked, resembles in appearance asparagus, although the taste is not the same. Belgium, perhaps, is the only country to make use of 'secum.' No one commodity is more scarce than soap, fat being practically an unknown quantity. While railroading a conversation was overheard by which it appeared that soap was so much needed back in rural Limburg that butter was used in its manufacture.

"When first I arrived in Belgium the bread was chiefly white. But it gradually became darker and darker in color because of the whole wheat flour. Potato peelings, I understand, are employed in making flour and, when people come for potatoes, they must bring along the peelings. If some of our well-to-do Americans had to exist on food improperly cooked for lack of correct ingredients to make it palatable or if they should find it impossible to secure nourishment sufficient for themselves and their children, they would be more ready to help in this crisis. Place yourselves in their position. How would you like it? My heart aches for the poor and hungry of Belgium. Of



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THE LAST TRENCH.



the nine million inhabitants of Northern France and Belgium, fully two million never get enough to satisfy actual hunger. And were the American relief to be discontinued, rich as well as poor would suffer. Greatest credit is due to England, Canada, Spain and the South American governments for their assistance in supplying funds for the Relief Commission."

XIII

Sidelight Stories of Belgian Life

SPEAKING of the German army occupying Belgium which comprises, probably, one hundred thousand men, Major Winchell says:

“The Belgian forces in the field total somewhere near a like number. Very many of these soldiers are married men removed by war from their own homes for indefinite periods and detailed to localities unknown, leaving behind them wives who cannot know whither they have gone, who cannot know even whether they still live.

“These Belgian women have been in want and, in a large share of cases, have not been slow to welcome the German invaders with the result that an alarming number of Teuton military men and supposed Belgian widows are living together as husbands and wives.

“No one can forecast the outcome of these indiscriminate alliances nor foreshadow the innumerable domestic embroilments that must become evident when thousands of Belgian Enoch Ardens return from service at the front to find their firesides violated, their wives passively submitting to this wholesale invasion of the sanctity of homes.

"The reverse of the picture, no doubt, would disclose an equal number of German wives mourning as dead the husbands now living with Belgian women. A state of affairs almost precisely similar is to be found in the other direction for, in Paris, the immense armies of incoming British soldiers are greeted hospitably by hosts of wives of French troopers who, serving in the trenches, may or may not return some day to their own hearthstones."

From the immense collection of data, anecdotes and personal experiences gleaned by Major Winchell on the borders of the war zone, it would be next to impossible to collate any few calculated to convey an adequate notion of the whole. But some of these, as told by the Major himself, may be interesting and informing:

Stories are told of the barbed wire fences, charged with highest electrical voltage, maintained by the German army along the Dutch-Belgian frontier. This method is employed in place of an expensive sentry, preventing migration of spies and other undesirables. Many have been killed instantly by contact with these fences. Several Dutch soldiers touched the wires accidentally and died.

The Holland papers told the story of a young German deserter who, with four others, started to pass the border at a point where there appeared to be no wire. But copper plates were hidden in the grass. His four companions were killed instantly while he escaped as by a miracle. He told, too,

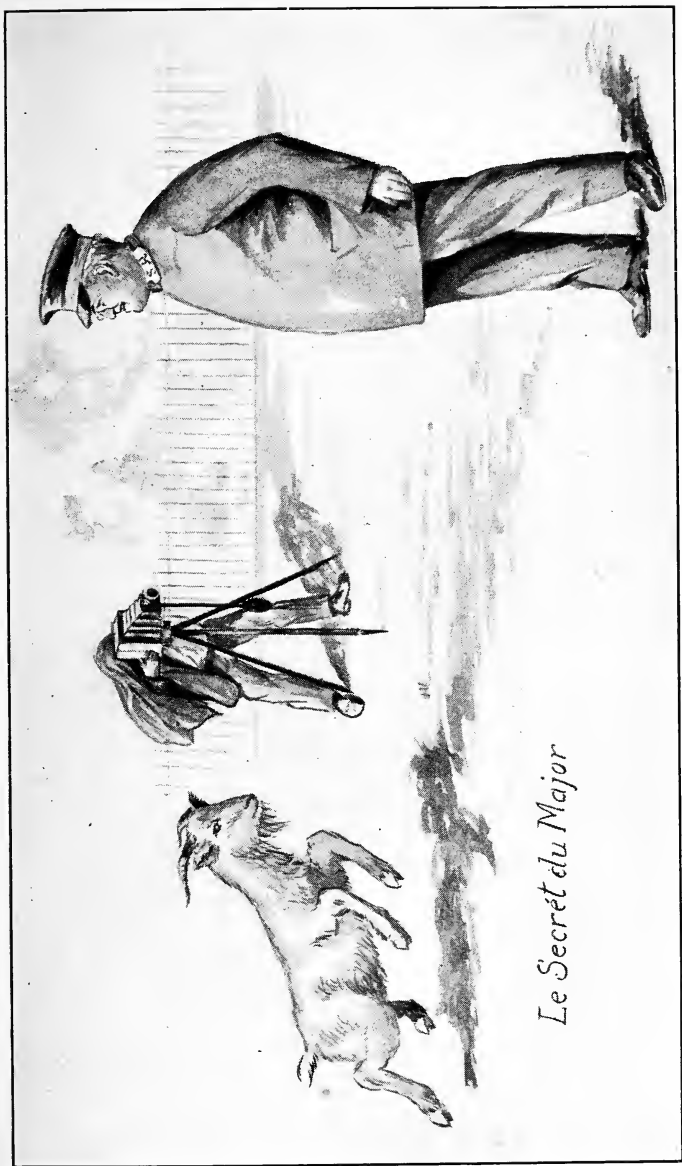
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the story of his ten brothers who had served in the army, nine being killed in the trenches.

"The money current in Belgium," says the Major, "is about one-half German and one-half Belgian. In the few weeks I was there, I noticed that German currency was gaining in circulation. No gold or silver whatever is changing hands and the small denominational coin is made of an aluminum composition. In many of the communes, the 'hotel de ville' issues its own scrip. I brought away a quantity of this communal scrip.

"When \$5,000 is sent from America, it increases \$150 upon reaching London and, when it gets to Brussels, the teller will hand you \$6,000. Money is transmitted through Switzerland or Rotterdam. The cause of the increase is the prevailing rate of exchange, but prices of commodities are lower in Belgium than in any country I have visited. In Brussels I had made to order for twenty dollars a suit of clothes that would have cost me thirty-five or forty dollars in New York.

"All through the rural districts of Belgium and Northern France I could have used to advantage," continues the traveller, "many times the amount of money entrusted to me for distribution, for everywhere was want and destitution. But some far-seeing people were prepared in advance. Such was a family I visited several times in Bracquinnies. The host had figured that a famine impended as soon as hostilities got well under way and



Le Secrét du Major

ARMÉE DE SALUT.



Belgium became isolated from the rest of Christendom. He had a large family to support and so he acquired as much as half an acre of land which, in the spring of the year, he planted to vegetables.

"At the same time he engaged the services of a pair of rabbits who multiplied with amazing rapidity. When I first visited his town, I found him supporting not only the human family but an enormous and constantly increasing menagerie of rabbits so fabulously numerous that no sane man would have attempted to count them. Every time I looked in at his establishment, I was regaled with rabbit stewed, or rabbit fried, or rabbit pied, or rabbit any old way.

"‘My good man,’ I exclaimed, ‘don’t you get pretty tired of supporting this zoölogical garden?’

"‘Far from it,’ he replied. ‘At first we supported them but now they are supporting us. Have some more rabbit stew?’

"A party of us were exploring the frontier one day, not far from Quaregnon searching for land to be rented for the unemployed and we became hungry as a matter of course. We inquired at several cafés but there was nothing more substantial than thin beer. At last, however, we came upon a place where coffee was to be had. But, they said, there was nothing whatever to eat. Glancing out at the window I beheld a chicken!

"‘Will you not kill the chicken and cook it for

me?' I asked. 'I am very hungry. I will pay well for it.' A small boy was listening.

"'Oh, mamma,' he cried suddenly, 'tell the American man that the old hen has gone on the nest to lay an egg!' So we waited patiently until the cackling of the venerable hen proclaimed the glad tidings that the precious egg had been forthcoming. The little boy darted into the yard, snatched the prize from the nest and dashed back to us, crying triumphantly:

"'Oh, mamma, here it is! Here is the egg!' In less than five minutes the transfer was made.

"While at the home of Mr. Jules Hubenot in Marchiennes-au-Pont, I had a diverting adventure with that gentleman's pet goat, a very beautiful animal as such animals go, but she went on her hind legs. She would maintain this upright position for some time at a stretch and, whenever a likely target presented itself to view, would emulate the military accomplishment of ramming. The goat took one look at my breastworks and immediately assumed the offensive. The surprise was complete. There was no time to resist the onslaught. Something near the solar plexus nearly rendered me *hors du combat*. My genial host had enjoyed the skirmish from a point of vantage and wanted to photograph the proceedings just when the goat was connecting with the objective.

"The cloth was being adjusted to focus the camera. The playful goat espied the bulb and

tube that worked the shutter. In the golden words of Shakespeare, 'The native hue of resolution is sickened o'er by the pale cast of thought.' Gleefully the goat turned attention to the rubber attachments and down they went into the caprine stomach. Unable to secure a successful photograph in this manner, Mr. Hubenot drew a cartoon of the goat and myself in conflict and inscribed it, 'Le Secret du Major.'

"At the same place, while I was addressing a children's meeting one Sunday afternoon, word came that the Germans had posted notices stating that the people of the two towns were to be punished. Some one had stolen nine thousand feet of copper telegraph wire. They were unable to find the culprit. Having evidence that he belonged in one of the towns, punishment was to be meted out by sounding the curfew at seven o'clock instead of ten. This was not particularly severe except possibly upon the young people who liked the movies or the merry-go-round which had recently come to town.

"Of course, the order affected our meetings so I told the children to inform their people that evening service would begin at five o'clock and would be dismissed before seven. The children's meeting concluded, I returned to the home of Mr. Hubenot, accompanied by his son who told about the order. My host's Belgian blood boiled in resentment. Unable to speak English, he produced a writing pad

and drew a cartoon showing a German helmet. Underneath was the face of a German soldier with opened mouth. A gun and bayonet he put in the Teuton's hands and, sticking on the bayonet point ready to be thrust into the cavernous mouth, was a little Belgian.

"This was Hubenot's manner of conversation with me and I, knowing no French, replied in pantomime. I shook my head in disapprobation of the manifestation of unchristian spirit. I laid a hand over my heart and motioned that he should be forgiving even to his enemies. Reaching a French Bible upon his desk, I opened at Romans xii. and indicated these words :

" 'Recompense to no man evil for evil. Avenge not yourselves but rather give place unto wrath, for it is written, Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst, give him drink, for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good.'

"After reading, he offered a prayer asking God's forgiveness. Then he crumpled the paper and threw it into the fire. At five o'clock we proceeded to the hurriedly arranged meeting. Down the aisle of the crowded hall came two German soldiers in full regimentals. Sitting close to the front, they seemed to be deeply and reverently affected. At the conclusion of the service, I said to Mr. Hubenot :

" 'Will you invite these two German brothers to

dinner?’ This he did and both accepted. Of course, German soldiers might circulate in the streets at all hours; Belgians and others must remain indoors after seven. It was an interesting meal at the well-laden table of our host that evening. My interpreter not being present, I could converse only by mentioning names of cities. I would say, ‘Berlin?’ The two Germans would shake their heads. They did not belong there. ‘Dresden?’ They shook their heads again. ‘Munich?’ Negation once more. Then I placed pencil and paper before them and they wrote, ‘Solingen.’ And they added, ‘Heils Armee.’

“So we learned that they were members of the Salvation Army in Germany. We had discovered comrades of the same faith. Were they enemies or were they friends?

“One of the strangest unions of love seemed to possess all our hearts and, while tongues could not be understood, that bond made possible by the love of Jesus Christ lifted us above nationalities, strife and hatred. The blessing received by Mr. Hubenot, through obeying the Scriptural injunction, proved so beautiful that he wished it to continue after the meal.

“Thus he seated the two guests at another table and placed two chairs opposite them. A chess-board he put before one and a checker-board between the other and myself. For two hours—I say it with reverence—holy communion was observed in the game as we played in mute silence.

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"This sort of game I had considered a waste of time under ordinary circumstances, but that night I believe I was serving the highest principles of my faith.

"At Marchiennes, too, I met Lieutenant Gillet, a Belgian lass who, in childhood, had worked in the mines but who had become a Salvation Army convert. She had been stationed in this city during the great battle.

"The French had arrived in August, 1914, to check the advance of the Germans. Several companies had come in the early evening of a hot day, setting their machine guns at the corner of the street wherein the Army hall was located. Then they ate their meal, unrolled their blankets and slept upon the pavement for the night. The Germans had no knowledge of their presence. So, when the invaders marched in next morning and poured by thousands down that street, the French opened rapid, frightful fire with their machine guns. Hundreds were mowed down in front of the hall. A hand-to-hand grenade fight between a Frenchman and a German occurred in the entrance to the building which is now torn where the missiles exploded. I saw for myself where the walls were broken and damaged.

"Continuing, the lieutenant said: 'The firing was deafening. I shall never forget the groans of the dying. The poor German, killed in our doorway, was on his knees while dying. "God pity!

God pity my poor soul! Save me!" This was his prayer and, a few minutes afterwards, he died. The French were driven back after a long, bitter struggle.

"We remained in our hall during the fight but one of our comrades ran up, shouting, "The town is burning! You will perish unless you come down!" We descended the stair and what a sight! Piles and piles of dead men in uniforms of different nations were lying all about. The Germans had possession. About seventy or eighty of us were put out in a crowd of civilians and marched through the streets for nearly a mile.

"We had to go with hands uplifted, stepping over dead bodies and wading through human blood. The smoke was hot and dense from the burning buildings. We were placed in a château and kept there all day without food. At night we were taken from the château and placed in a barn. The château was burned during the night. Our fears can be imagined. All the succeeding day we were held. Every now and then a soldier would rush up and, pushing the point of his bayonet within a few inches of my heart, would say, "Heils Armee first." Fancy the mental agony which carried thoughts of instant death. He meant only to torment us. Later an officer came along and, learning what the fellow was doing, took him away. I have a notion that he was punished. We had been without food for more than thirty-two hours. This officer sent food and even gave us chocolate bars

which were most welcome. At evening of the second day we were released and returned home. All that time the German troops were marching, day and night, advancing towards Paris.'

"By way of another sort of experience, there was the real estate genius whom I encountered at Quaregnon. He possessed four acres of land that I wanted as a spot whereon the unemployed of the vicinage might raise potatoes, but his price for the little tract would have been considered altitudinous even in times of peace. I did not argue, nor did I make an offer—merely left him with the impression that I would seek another locality.

"After a night in which he thought it over, he hunted me up and offered to sell for just half of his original price, far less than I had expected to pay. Indifference often drives a better bargain than does most ardent pleading. His excuse for coming down in terms was that, in the event of the Germans retreating, his ground might be torn up by battle.

"The London *War Cry* tells the story of a Salvationist, member of a British regiment, who wrote thus of an occurrence at the front :

"'The battle was in progress and our trenches were being raked by the enemies' fire. We were expecting to be told at any moment that the German guns would have to be silenced and, presently, along the line came the order, "Charge!"

““We scrambled into the open and rushed forward, met by a perfect hail of bullets. Many of our men bit the dust but we who remained came to grips with the enemy. I cannot write of what happened then. The killing of men is ghastly business.

““On the way back to the trenches, I saw a poor German soldier trying to get to his water-bottle. He was in a fearful condition. I knelt by his side. Finding his own water-bottle was empty, I gave him water from mine. Somewhat revived, he opened his eyes and saw my Salvation Army League button.

““His face lighted up with a smile and he whispered in broken English: “Salvation Army? I also am a Salvation Army soldier.” Then he felt for his Army badge. It was still pinned to his coat, though bespattered with blood.

““I think we both shed a few tears. Then I picked up his poor, broken body and, with as much tenderness as possible—for the perfect hail of death was beginning again—I carried him to the ambulance. But he was beyond human aid. When I placed him on the wagon, he gave a gentle tug at my coat. I bent low and listened as he whispered:

“““Jesus, safe with Jesus!””

“War, with all its terrors, seemed not to dampen seriously the spirits of the children of the Belgian capital. In the streets of Brussels thousands of

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youngsters were to be seen enjoying the games and frolics of childhood apparently with all the zest of more tranquil times. Into the midst of a childish revel I injected one day a reminder of the reign of Mars.

"Coming from Saint Gilles, I ran upon a group of little ones rapturously viewing the antics of a few others who were skipping rope. In America it had long been my custom to salute such children's gatherings and I resolved to see how such a salutation would be received in this instance. Accordingly I dawned upon them suddenly, lifting my hand in dignified, military salute.

"A mild wave of alarm spread instantly over the crowd and one boyish voice shouted, 'Les Allemands!' Hearing this, a number, with uplifted hands, fled down the street, screaming and shrieking. The red band on my cap had reminded them of the German invaders. Those braver ones remaining behind began to cheer and some one shouted laughingly after the runaways, 'Armée de Salut!' Cautiously returning to verify this announcement, I was soon surrounded by enthusiastic kiddies who insisted upon shaking hands all around in attestation of their love for the Salvation Army, the Soldiers of the Cross.

"One Sunday, while conducting a meeting in Brussels, I was asked to give away a baby. Announcement had been made that the American Major would give away a child. The crowd thus

attracted were surprised to learn that the infant was to be given, not to a human guardian, but to the Lord. The mother was entrusted with the care of the child to train it in the ways of righteousness that its life might be useful in the Kingdom of God and for the salvation of the people in future years.

"The service was so impressive that while I held the child aloft, about to offer it to this sacred purpose, another mother ran down the aisle, begging me to dedicate her baby as well. No sooner had I taken the second infant in my disengaged arm than a third and then a fourth mother presented their offspring. Before I knew it, the entire platform was thronged by mothers who besought me to dedicate their little ones in Salvation Army ritual. How many there were I do not know, but I gave them all into Whose care their lives were best protected.

"Brussels' slum section, the vicinity of Rue Haute, is one of the toughest districts in all Europe, known as the Marolles, with a language of its own, famous for its winding blind alleys and its desperate habitués. It is characterized by the lowest type of concert halls, dance halls and cabarets. German soldiers, except those on police duty, do not enter this neighborhood, probably to avoid disturbances, and they are well advised.

"One night our little party sought out the largest of the halls. Throwing wide the door, I doffed

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my cap and shouted, 'Vive l'Amerique! Vive l'Armée de Salut!' Immediately my band began a lively Salvation song. Spotting a man who looked to be the proprietor of the place, I rushed to him and presented a card which read :

Salutation du
Major Wallace Winchell,
Propriétaire du fameux "Cabaret de Salut,"
à Jersey City près de New York, Etats-Unis
de l'Amérique.

Representing a cabaret which I had established a few winters before in America, where fellows might dance their way to heaven to the strains of an orchestra, I seized upon the important personage and gave him the grip of our particular free masonry. Then, leaving the boss pondering over the card, I shook hands with the bartenders, barmaids and waiters as well as with the guests at the tables, leaving a card beside each foaming bowl of beer.

"When I had done with my all around handshaking, my band of singers had completed their song and I spoke for about five minutes, explaining that I had come all the way from America to do relief work and to cheer the poor of Belgium. It was a pleasure for me to meet them there and to urge them to turn their minds and attention to God. Then I prayed for a brighter day in Belgium and the rest of Europe.

"The innovation was greeted with applause, the



SALVATION ARMY RELIEF FORCE WITH CAPTAIN VAN HOOLAND IN CHARGE AT VERVIERS.



people cheered and there were shouts of 'Vive l'Amerique !' and 'Vive l'Armée de Salut !' Some fifteen places in Brussels we visited that night, everywhere with the same result.

"Believing that a little change from the continuous, monotonous bowl of soup would be welcomed by the Brussels children, we issued handbills which read :

GRAND FÊTE AMERICAINE

Dimanche, Fevrier 14ème, 1916, à 2 heures P. M.
Donné par l'Armée de Salut,
— à 88 Rue Haute, Bruxelles.

Le Major Wallace Winchell désire faire ses adieux, aux chers enfants du quartier de ces environs, avant de retourner à New York. Il se fera le plaisir de présenter des souvenirs de bon bons, de fruits, de noix et de candy à tout le monde.

Que Dieu vous bénis et que la joie
soit toujours à vous.

Prière de présenter cette carte.

Translated it was an invitation and ticket of admission to a special distribution of one thousand bags filled with figs, apples, gingersnaps and chocolates to be given before my return to America. At the appointed hour, what a mob

of young ones! It required a force of police to keep them in line but every one received a bag of goodies such as many had not tasted for ever so long. While the children were passing, a Salvation Army band of young people sang and played musical instruments. I stationed myself just where the company was dispersing for the street. Each one clasped me by the hand and kissed it and, with tears of gratitude, thanked me again and again.

“Whenever I saw a mother with an infant in her arms, I would hand her a German mark, the money which I had in my possession. When I went upon the street, I found that many women who had not been at the Fête had heard the good news and had brought their infants with them while others, not mothers, had gone to remote parts of the town to borrow babies with which to meet the good angel from America with the German marks.

“The night that our little band of Salvationists were bombarding the cabarets in Brussels, I met with a strange incident. A young man about twenty-two years of age, who was a Belgian, took one glance at me and, seeing the red band on my cap, thought that I was a German soldier, as the red band upon the cap is the regulation of the German military as well, except that they have no print upon the band.

“This youth flew into a rage and started to do me violence, using language which I could not

understand, but I believe that he was swearing in French. At that moment the Salvation Army sisters came into view and began a song in his native tongue. As they sang of the sweet story of Jesus and His love, the young man took in the situation and his heart melted. He was converted then and there. He promised that he would forsake his life of sin and follow in the footsteps of the Master.

“He told me his story. He had fought in defense of his country and, in one of the forts near Liège, had been seriously wounded, having received in his head a couple of bullets which could not be removed. He was taken prisoner and had been serving in one of the camps for prisoners but had been released recently in order to come to the city hospital in Brussels. He told me that he did not expect to live very long. He begged that I would visit him at the hospital and pray with him before his soul should pass away. A few days later, Staff-Captain Blanchard and I made our way to the hospital and had a very beautiful visit with him. I met also the mother of this boy who had come to see him at the same time. It was indeed a touching scene as we all met under such strange conditions. We offered prayer that God’s blessing might be with him in life or in death, in time and in eternity.

“Ensign Mietes and Lieutenant Mannaerts had charge of our Flemish corps in Antwerp. The

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lieutenant had a bicycle. The day before the German advance on Antwerp she had taken a spin over to Ghent and to Ostend to look after Salvation Army comrades and minister to their spiritual needs. On her return she found the fire so deadly in and about Antwerp that she could not enter the city. After the capture it was impossible to gain entrance as the city was guarded by sentinels. So, being without funds, she secured employment as a servant and worked for three months before she was able to make her way into the city. Hearing that nearly every one had fled from Antwerp, she had no idea what might have befallen her ranking officer, Ensign Mietes, or her comrades, the soldiers of the corps.

"In the meantime, brave little Ensign Mietes had been very busy during the bombardment. She did not flee from the city as did the others but went from home to home, among the people under her care, helping them to pack, comforting them and praying with them as they took their departures, one after another.

"At last she came to an old lady, a dear old Christian soul, more than eighty-five years of age. This venerable one was too feeble to travel. So, in cheering helpless age, youth murmured: 'Grandma, if we must die, we will die together, you and I, and God will care for us.'

"None of the fire that was showered upon the city reached them. After the occupation of the Germans, thousands of people returned and the

ensign resumed her accustomed work. She had plenty to do in trying to get the people to live under the new conditions. All the time, she wondered what had become of her lieutenant. One day, about twelve weeks after she had cycled away, the lieutenant succeeded in securing a pass through the lines into Antwerp once more, reporting immediately to the quarters where her dear ensign resided. It was indeed a happy reunion.

"Every one would imagine naturally that, in times of such privation and hunger, all good persons would welcome almost any form of relief that would serve to keep body and soul together. It was not a large amount that was left with Ensign Mietes in Antwerp but she gave it out to those that she thought were most in need. A clergyman, who lived in the neighborhood, heard that she had given some supplies to one of his flock who had applied for aid. A great fuss was made by the rector over the matter, the poor woman being warned to receive nothing more from the Salvation Army. And he said some very bitter things, not only to the poor woman, but in emphatic denunciations from his pulpit as well.

"Hearing of this affair Ensign Mietes secured a bouquet of roses and, with a comrade brother in full uniform, went to the door of the rectory. The porter who opened the door, seeing the flowers, thought the couple had come to be married and bade them enter the reception room, saying that

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the rector would see them in a few moments and attend to the wedding.

"They waited until finally the reverend gentleman appeared. He looked in astonishment upon the lady of whom he had spoken ill to his people. Staring at her in silence for a while, he burst out, 'What does this mean? Why should you come in here and bring flowers?'

"'There is a Major of the Salvation Army from America, now in Belgium on relief work,' replied the Ensign calmly. 'It was from him that we received money to help that poor woman. He conducted a great meeting when he visited our hall. He taught us to love our enemies and to do good to those that despitefully use us. You have been saying harsh things against me which are unwarranted. I, like yourself, am a servant of Jesus Christ. I believe you want to do what you can to please the Master and to this purpose my life also is dedicated. You should be glad to know that I am here to help you in furthering the interests of Christ's kingdom, in feeding the hungry and cheering the people in these sad days. You should do all in your power to encourage me and I want to do the same for you.

"'The Major told a story in his meeting, how he had settled many bitter feuds over in America by the agency of flowers. I have prayed about this matter, so, in His name, I bring you these roses.' After a little more conversation the roses were left with the clergyman.

“At four o’clock one morning in August, 1914, a train filled with refugees came in at Amsterdam, as they tell in that city. Crushed among the other passengers was a little Flemish boy. Espied by a brigadier of the Salvation Army, he was lifted out. Close in his arms he carried a wee bundle wrapped carefully in a piece of cloth. Asking for some milk, the lad began to unwind the cloth. Greatly to the surprise of all about, he disclosed a tiny bit of live, hungry humanity. Sympathetic arms were stretched out for the pitiful object, but the little fellow was loath to relinquish it, even though very drowsy himself. To the questions asked, his replies were sleepy and vague. Here and there the interested people caught a word or two which gave clues to his probable identity.

“‘Mother . . . dead . . . Antwerp . . . take care of baby . . . tired . . .’ and the poor, weary little hero was fast asleep. Authorities investigated and his story was soon known. On that terrible night when Zeppelins were hurling bombs at the unprotected city of Antwerp, when cannon were belching their deadly fire, a woman lay dying in her home. The doctor’s words had driven all hope from her. She was alone save for her nine-year-old son, Fritzie, and her four-day-old baby. An eldest son, a lad of but eighteen, was fighting in the defenses outside the city. Little did he realize the impending loss of mother love. And the mother! Can our minds comprehend her agony? Never again would she see his dear face.

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She beckoned Fritzie to her side, his eyes wide with fear.

“ ‘Son,’ she whispered, ‘take the baby and fly! Keep close to the buildings—you will be safer there from shot and shell. Do all you can to save your baby brother’s life. Kiss me, Fritzie, for the last time!’ ”

“Straining the little boy to her, she kissed him tenderly. Then she kissed the baby and placed it gently, snugly in Fritzie’s arms, her tears falling silently. ‘God bless and protect you both!’ she cried brokenly. ‘Go, my son, go quickly!’ ”

“The little lad’s eyes were quite grave as he stepped from mother’s presence. The sound of her sobbing rang in his ears as he walked quickly and quietly, determined to carry out his mission. The thought came often to return to mother. It was so hard to leave her there to die alone. But no, he must go on; he must get his precious bundle out of the city which was burning already. Holding the tender burden close to his throbbing breast, he crept along, hugging walls of buildings, crouching in dark corners to avoid the questions of soldiers or civilians, and running quickly across open spaces to rest again with fast beating heart in the friendly shadows. Not once did the darling bundle leave his arms. Not even did he relinquish it when he finally reached a railway station and was put on the train filled with refugees like himself.

“How the baby lived through all this is a miracle of God. Perhaps it was the boy’s steadfast determi-

Commune de

Quaregnon

Sceau

de la commune

RAVITAILLEMENT

Ration supplémentaire de pain allouée à l'ouvrier
mineur du fond.

Je soussigné

Le Maire de Rieu du Cœur

certifie que l'ouvrier (nom)

Carlier

(prénoms)

Justave

domicilié à

Quaregnon rue Du Rivage

n° 12 est occupé actuellement à son service comme
ouvrier mineur du fond.

Quaregnon le

1915.

(Signature)

Sceau ou cachet
du charbonnage



T. S. V. P.

FORM OF RELIEF CARD USED IN BELGIUM. ON THE BACK
OF THIS CARD IS CHECKED THE AMOUNT OF PROVISIONS.

nation. Perhaps it was his splendid courage. Who knows? There is but One who is judge of that."

Major Winchell, who had encountered so much trouble in gaining entrance to Belgium, anticipated another array of obstacles to surmount when his mission had been accomplished and he was ready to return to lands of neutrality. Thus he relates the experiences relative to his departure :

"Looking ahead for troubles, I had made application on February 1st, at Pass Zentrale, headquarters for all passes granted in Belgium, hoping to start back for America about February 20th when, my second Belgian trip completed, I would have organized my relief work thoroughly, seen to the distribution of clothing ordered on my first trip and arranged for continuance of the work after my departure.

"For three weeks, however, the border had been closed absolutely against any one going out. There were hundreds of Dutch in Belgium as well as people of other nationalities. But, because of important movements of troops and preparations for a grand offensive at Verdun, the German military commanders deemed it wise to let no one out who could give information in any way. This decision worked much inconvenience to the Dutch whose homes and business were just over the border but here were they, held indefinitely, possibly until the end of the war. I was informed that my pass would not be granted.

“Staff-Captain Blanchard and I visited again and again at Pass Zentrale, but it was of no avail. After we had gone, each succeeding day, for a week, I confessed that I was becoming a trifle impatient. The little lieutenant at the desk would shrug his shoulders and say in French, ‘Très mauvais! Vous ne pouvez pas avoir un passeport.’

“It was worse than being in prison to be held in this Belgium. Had I been interned in a prison in Germany, I would have been privileged to write letters to loved ones in America at least once in two weeks and could have received mail from them at any time. But all communication with America had been prohibited absolutely for one year. My wife had been sending me open letters or postal cards almost daily. Not one of them reached me and I am receiving them this first week in June, after I have been at home six weeks. Some of them have been in France, some in Germany, but more in England or Holland.

“Whether my loved ones were sick, dead or alive, I did not know and it was a gloomy prospect to be held in such suspense until the end of the war and that end not in sight. On March 3d I had become quite desperate and the Staff-Captain and I, together with an attaché from the American legation and a representative of the Politische Abteilung, were kept on the run all day, striving to get matters adjusted between the military and the civil authorities. The latter had given consent already.

"Night came and there was no pass. The man from the American legation said, as we went home, 'I will make one more try in the morning and will let you know by ten o'clock.'

"That next morning will remain ever in my memory. To go or not to go. I confess that there was a strong feeling of homesickness. Alone in my room, my mind travelled across the wide ocean. I thought of my brave little wife, toiling to keep going my work in Jersey City; of all the men who had been converted from the wreckage of sin; of my children. I thought of the glorious land of the Stars and Stripes.

"At first I was down-hearted but, at last, I opened my mouth and sang:

" 'My Country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty.'

"Again and again I sang it and then I started on 'The Star Spangled Banner.' And, when I was about half-way through, a messenger came from the American legation with the tidings that my passage had been granted.

"That night I was in Rotterdam once more. My cablegram to my wife brought a reply at once and I was happy."

XIV

What Europe Thinks of America

When men shall trust in God and not in fate,
When love shall rise from out the grave of hate,
When charity shall take the place of greed,
When every man his neighbor's rights shall heed,
When naught but honest labor wins the prize,
When vice no more is clothed in virtue's guise,
When justice is obtained without deceit,
When every race shall like as brothers meet,
When "Covet Not" becomes the law of man,
When pity lifts up those beneath the ban,
Then war and conflict shall forever cease,
And once again resound the psalm of peace.

—*Antoinette Luques.*

TO the sojourner in Europe, in these bewildering days, one of the most interesting studies must be that of the attitude of the people of the various countries towards America and the administration of President Wilson.

In Holland for seven weeks, Major Winchell had ample time to read or to have translated the papers from Germany, Holland, France and England. Their eagerness in banking on every word uttered by the President was at once evident. Of course, he might have said many things to throw either

warring element into an ugly mood but they were very happy when he did anything for the furtherance of neutrality.

No American in history, it appeared to the Major, has loomed so great as has Wilson. Assuredly the wise and courageous stand taken by him at all the breaking points affecting international relations, yet keeping us out of the war, establishes the name of Woodrow Wilson as that of the greatest of all Americans. Were he honorably and successfully to bring America through his term without embroilment in Europe, as he has done thus far, and not be reëlected, he will be to posterity ten thousand times a greater figure, in the Major's judgment, than if, at the behest of popular clamor, he should have plunged the country into war and been reëlected. What other president has been brought so closely in contact with all the nations, both belligerent and neutral?

While Winchell was in London, the papers all over England printed the story of how the President, during one of the very trying ordeals when the destiny of America hung in the balance, called together his cabinet and said: "Gentlemen, I do not know how many of you find time to pray but I feel that it is proper to-day to ask for divine guidance." He knelt and each member followed while the President offered prayer. This incident was enlarged upon in almost every Sunday sermon in the churches and was the theme of conversation everywhere.

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It is fitting to relate a story of the President's note to England in November, 1915, regarding the rights of our shipping on the seas, which was impressed upon the Major by a somewhat unpleasant episode. He had arranged to visit a certain hospital upon the very day when this note was printed in the papers. The press, as a matter of course, gave a grunt of disdain.

The superintendent of the institution told the visitor how greatly he regretted this act of our President, as he deemed Mr. Wilson a friend to the Allies. Major Winchell replied that the President was not chosen by the American people to represent either one side or the other ; he was chosen to represent America. After this exchange of words, the Major asked to see the institution. He was gently led to the door and shown the moving traffic of a busy London street.

The American was in Germany when the attachés, von Papen and Boy-Ed, were given their transports to return to that country. The press there was very severe in criticism of this act of the President. Conversing with prominent German business men, the Major tried to explain why the President had been compelled to take such a step. They replied: "We do not know all the facts which we fear are withheld by the censor. President Wilson is truly a brave man and a wise and well-beloved executive."

In Holland, the traveller used to stand before the newspaper bulletins trying to decipher the

Dutch and, in this way, met all sorts of men. Those who could translate, he would ask for their opinions of America and its President and they would answer: "If only President Wilson can keep America out of this war it means our peace, and possibly Holland's national existence depends upon it as well."

Throughout the length and breadth of this appalling crisis which has overwhelmed all Europe and threatened repeatedly to disturb the serenity of the rest of the world, pagan and Christian alike, our President has stood consistently not so much for peace at any price but for righteousness at all hazards. His brave interpretation of international law has been a model for mankind and his demonstrations of its intricacies in undertaking to enforce the observance of such law have stamped him preeminently as the man of the hour.

From its ramified beginnings, the great war has been prolonged indefinitely by the self-assertiveness of militarism, the unwillingness of certain powers to bow before the prospect of such absolute autocracy. In the end The Hague tribunal must be strengthened appreciably in the formation of a new federation of nations, a coalition that shall fittingly represent the small as well as the great governments and that shall accomplish effective legislation backed by executive action, purposeful, powerful and in no measure uncertain.

Major Winchell on several occasions heard, while in Europe, this expression: "Which is the strongest

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—the German army, the British navy or the American dollar?" Let leaders like President Wilson, former President Taft and others who stand for the highest ideals, point the way to the effectiveness of the *moral issue and prove which is "the more excellent way."*

If the example of the United States of America in dealing with the world problem is no more than a financial showing we are doomed; our influence becomes *nil*. Europe, glutted with gore and sated with sorrow, must scorn a peace that money could buy. But if, at the end of the war and during the epoch of reconstruction, this country can reveal a moral character, strong, buoyant and free from selfish advantage or hypocritical motives, then the Stars and Stripes will wave higher than ever before, to be respected by all peoples, great and small.

Frequently one hears in this country the question: "Why should we not offer our navy to this Hague tribunal that it may effectively police the world, insuring observance of international law and order?" Then, pursuing this idea, why not consecrate the immense sums set aside for preparedness to the purchase of all the imposing machinery of war in devastated Europe, beating it up into plowshares? Thus only will bankrupt Europe be able to meet its enormous war indemnities and to restore normal business and social conditions. Our country's opportunity is at hand to prove itself the mightiest benefactor among civilized peoples

and to set up forever a standard for the emulation and admiration of every living human being. Woodrow Wilson will be found ready and able to sponsor these epochal achievements, to leave to posterity a gift and a blessing of unexampled worth.

That the representative press of both warring factions is fully alive to these conditions and to the prodigious strength of our President as a leader of men is adequately attested by quotations from recent issues of most prominent journals on either side of the great strife.

"President Wilson," says the London *Daily News*, "without moving a soldier or a ship, can affect most potently both the duration of the war and the conditions of peace. He takes high ground worthy of a great nation whose moral and material forces are behind his demands."

"The very patience America has displayed," observes the London *Daily Graphic*, "makes President Wilson's impeachment of present conditions all the more powerful. It will be a relief to the world that the greatest neutral nation has taken a firm stand upon international law."

From France we glean these words of *Le Matin*, Paris: "When the responsible and almost sovereign head of a hundred million free citizens mounts the rostrum in Congress to declare, 'We are the spokesmen of the rights of humanity and we will not tolerate injustice,' he has performed an act of immense moral importance. It is a historical event,

deserving of our admiration as one of the noblest acts in the memory of mankind."

For the other side, the Berlin *Vorwärts*, organ of the German majority, speaks thus: "As surely as the American people wish to avoid an extreme step against Germany, as the *Berliner Tageblatt* so strikingly said, just so certain it is that the German people in overwhelming majority want no war with America. All sane statesmen, conscious of their great responsibility, both in Germany and America, should rest assured that they have the great masses of the people behind them in resorting to every measure calculated to prevent a break."

Professor Hans Delbrück, the eminent German publicist, writes in the *Preussische Jahrbücher*: "Very much depends upon America as to whether the war will end comparatively soon or only after a long time. There is always the danger of conflict with America which, without declaring war on us, holds a very valuable pawn in the great German mercantile fleet now lying idle in American harbors. The decision that our government has to make is, without doubt, a serious one. If it can induce the neutrals, headed by America, to tolerate no longer the illicit English blockade, that would denote the end of the war. But will America go so far? If we try to crush England by ruthless submarine war, to what degree of hostility against us will America then be moved? No matter what we do, we invariably encounter this external influence whose determination and

strength are not calculable. We wish to live in peace with America and avoid a rupture. Who wantonly, by thoughtless action, brings about a rupture, sins against the Fatherland."

Reverting again to the other view-point, we find in the London *Daily Chronicle* these thoughts of a dignitary no less important than Viscount Bryce: "I doubt whether we in England have yet fully realized either the magnitude of the service which the United States government and its representatives abroad have rendered in protection of British subjects in the belligerent countries or the noble spirit that has animated them in that service. Their embassies and legations have become enormous business offices, manned mainly by voluntary workers. The looking after our prisoners of war in Germany alone has become a gigantic task. One thing more deserves to be noted: It is the wonderful zeal that has been shown in relieving distress and suffering in Belgium. The liberality shown by the people of the United States is indeed beyond all praise."

Alfred G. Gardiner, editor of the London *Daily News*, cabled to America as follows: "The United States is the greatest potentiality on earth, and we are too rich in experience to-day to ignore a potentiality because it has not been realized. We have seen our own nation, a nation as peaceful in its purposes as the United States, turn itself into a nation of armed men in a few months. And what England has done, America can do.

"Do not let us forget that she fought the most stubborn war in history and the most noble war—noble alike in its motives and in the grave, regretful spirit in which it was waged. America comes into the world's system to secure herself against war and the effects of war. That security cannot be had by one nation alone, however well armed, nor can it be had by the skillful balancing of one group of nations against another group. It can be had only by the common force as its guarantee. That force must depend, not on nations, but on mankind. We cannot get rid of force.

"What we can do, and what President Wilson will use the power of the United States to accomplish, is to change the purpose for which that force is used. It has been the instrument of war between nations. He will make it the instrument of peace to defend the community of nations. The sword America forges will be used, not to make war, but to make war on war and to lay the foundation of world security.

"What does this mean to Europe? It means that Europe is offered a way out of the pit—that the new world comes in at last to redress the balance of the world."

XV

Waterloo.—Shall America Lead the Nations?

WATERLOO. American tourists have ever found this, the field of the world's greatest battle, to be an objective point. Of how much greater interest is Waterloo to-day! If not upon its rolling surface the actual fighting is going on, it has played nevertheless a conspicuous part in the history of the present world war.

The invading and retreating armies have crossed and recrossed here where the Little Corporal made his last stand one hundred years ago.

To this field the Yankee Major had planned a visit. The museums and monuments are still open for visitors although the tourists are few and far between. For Major Winchell this was to be a day not only of sightseeing but one remarkable for meditation and inspiration, pondering upon the past, the present and the future.

On the first day of February, Staff-Captain Blanchard and the Major took the tram to Waterloo. The historic battle-field is located about fourteen miles south of Brussels. Byron wrote:

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There was a sound of revelry by night
And Belgium's capital had gathered there
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again
And all went merry as a marriage bell,
But hush ! Hark ! A deep sound strikes like a
 rising knell.

Ah ! then and there was a hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated ; who would guess
If ever more might meet these mutual eyes,
Since upon that night so sweet such awful morn
 should come.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling to arms ; the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when
 rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay and
 pent,
Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial
 blent.

The Major here tells of his meditations on that memorable day: "We passed through some of those quaint old Belgian towns and I pictured in my mind the mobilization of troops on that eventful June day in 1815. We could see them sweeping along the very same roads. The Staff-Captain pointed out this spot or that spot of historic interest. One place especially interested me. It was the house in which Victor Hugo wrote his immortal 'Les Miserables.' I pondered upon the conditions to-day. Yes, there is still the same—the poor, the unhappy, the outcast of the type of Jean Valjean, living to-day. Will Society ever be organized so that Man, the supreme handiwork of God, may be redeemed from his broken condition? Can he never rise higher than the dollar or the machine gun? Has our boasted civilization failed?

"Not many miles in every direction from where we were riding are the greatest centres of learning. Millions upon millions have been spent to equip the minds of the young men of all countries with higher education. Why should a barbarous war be carried on in the light of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries? These were the questions I asked myself; questions that thousands ask. Is there no way by which such wholesale destruction of life and property can be overcome? Cannot the genius of our civilization discover that panacea whereby man may redeem his race from deliberate, organized machine murder and self-destruction?

"My answer is 'Yes,' when the right foundation

is laid, when the ground is prepared for a better crop, when the right seed is selected and sown. There is no harvest without seed time. We see now there must have been the wrong seed sowing to the wind and the reaping of the whirlwind.

“What were the contributing causes that led to the war? My answer is, more than kings, kaisers, czars, or Militarism. In this day of enlightenment, in this age of the power of franchise, Imperialism and Militarism exist only by the consent of all the people. What, then, is the cause of war? Who starts war? It is the same Author of Error who initiated trouble in the Garden of Eden. What the Devil did in deceiving our first ancestors, he is doing to-day in deceiving the nations. What were the seeds of original sin? Let us begin with ‘Ingratitude.’ Our first parents were unthankful. How little thought is given to the real worship of God to-day! The cities of Europe and America apparently want the thought of divinity closed out of mind in their pursuit of pleasure and the acquisition of wealth. Café and cabaret life has supplanted the worship of God. The tango is preferred to the prayer. The religious sentiment of the pure and aggressive is at low ebb especially in city life. The public mind is for evil.

“The second, Lust. Our first parents wanted what did not belong to them. If anything started the European conflagration, it was the greed for what others had. One nation said, ‘We want to be supreme on land and sea,’ and the others disputed

the claim. All the common people drank to the health of their army and navy. The lust of power ever supplants the love for God and kindness to man.

"The third, Idolatry. Our first parents listened to the serpent's whisper, 'Ye shall become as gods.' The nations of the earth have established another form of idolatry to-day, Militarism and Navalism. They idolize the very things that will bring about their destruction.

"The fourth, Pride. Our first parents vaunted themselves above the teachings of their Maker and the One who loved them. Our educational systems must be so adjusted that Man may think less of his own attainments and of his own greatness. He must learn of that Divine love which seeks the good of his neighbor. 'The Son of Man came to seek that which was lost.' This means the path of humility.

"To use our public schools for military training, preparedness? 'Yes!' There is something about physical training, discipline and uniform that develops manhood. But let the training have as its objective the moral as well as the physical well-being of the race. Let righteousness be the glory of the coming armies of the world. Let them march to the sweetest music ever played. Let conquests be made that will convert society into its highest ideal—where greed, impurity, and unkindness will no longer exist, where poverty, ignorance and disease will be overcome. Such an army of preparedness inspired to deeds of goodness would trans-

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form the horrors of slumdom in the cities to places of beauty and make the deserts and jungles glorious by reason of their invasions. This fight will be in years to come more fascinating, by far, to the youth than at present the smoke, powder, wounds and the slain of machine murder warfare. The old order will pass by on the approach of the coming dawn. The march of real righteousness is coming. Have you enlisted?

"Some may think religion is to love God only. Others may think that it is merely to help their fellows. The great masses have failed to find that true religion is 'to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself.' To ignore this is the beginning of war.

"*'All out for Waterloo!'* Now we have reached the famous battle-field. We see a great stretch of country lined only by the horizon. In times of peace, the little street of hotels, restaurants and souvenir shops did a thriving business. The visitors at the present day are mostly German soldiers and civilians, making their way to the scene of the great battle. The objective point is the panorama at the base of the Mound of Waterloo. This mound was erected from the soil of the very earth where the French army was plunged to destruction and defeat. It stands about one hundred and fifty feet high and is in the form of a pyramid, surmounted by the majestic 'Lion of Waterloo' in brass, proud and ugly, overlooking the field in the direction of 'the Eagle of Europe

with the Broken Pinion,' a monument about a mile distant to the northeast. These, and many other landmarks, commemorate the great fight of one hundred years ago."

Continuing the Major tells his story: "We spent an hour viewing the panorama, surrounded on the small platform by the German officers and soldiers, each with the illustrated descriptive books. We saw the wonderful paintings of the world's great battle. There in the northeast sat Napoleon on his white horse directing his troop to what, he thought, would be victory. At the south and west came the red-jacketed British under Wellington. From the east came the Dutch, and the Prussians under Blucher. What a terrific struggle for a space of hours! 'The Scourge of Europe is being overwhelmed!' Everything was so realistic that one felt in the very vortex of the human whirlpool of death and destruction—horses, men, guns, trees, mud, all in one frightful mass.

"Leaving the panorama, we climbed up the steep stairway to the top of the mound. It was an exhausting effort to a man like myself of 230 pounds, but it was an experience I shall never forget. It was my day of reverie and meditation.

"As I beheld the great stretch of country from this height I pictured again the terrible struggle of one hundred years ago. I could see the armies hemming in on every side. Then I saw the world's greatest military genius, with all his hopes, go down to the disappointment of defeat. I saw the

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sad figure with folded arms in far-away St. Helena meditating upon what might have been.

"If only that mighty brain, that magnetic personality, that master organizer had received the mind of a William Booth and devoted his energies for the saving of man, what would Europe be to-day ?

"During these meditations I could feel the very mound trembling and could hear the firing in a greater battle than that of Waterloo. Constantly, continually the booming of artillery on the great western front of the present war could be heard. It was like the low mutterings of thunder with intermittent crashes as the heavy guns would belch forth. Then to think that this horror is going on day and night, week after week, as men are being slaughtered.

"While our eyes swept over the stretch of the field, Staff-Captain Blanchard remarked to me: 'Major, think of the irony of fate. One hundred years ago the English and Germans were slaying the French. Now, the reverse—the French and English against the Germans. In a few years again, perhaps, enemies will be friends and friends enemies.'

"'Yes, the irony of fate,' I replied. 'What things will be one hundred years from now? Leave me for a few minutes. I want to pray and ponder upon the past, the present and the future.'

"So here are some of the thoughts that came to me upon that balmy February afternoon :

“One hundred years ago, the Scourge of Europe, with his valiant armies, had stricken terror to all the nations. He had seemed invincible but the unforeseen arose. Upon this field he had received the blow that put him down and out.

“Here I glanced over at the monument of ‘the Eagle with the Broken Pinion.’ Then was I aroused from these thoughts by the continual jarring of the ground and the booming of big guns at Lille, Arras, Flanders and Somme.

“‘Just now men are dying by the hundreds along that ditch of death.’ Then came the thought of millions in the death struggle, pouring in alive and being brought out in trainloads, dead ; of hospitals all over Europe crowded with men, torn by dreadful wounds, of widows and orphans in anguish in every land ; of hearthstones desolated and poor aged fathers and mothers going down to grief and death. Sad, sad world !

“Musing upon these things, I gazed towards the west where the great sun was setting in all his glory. It seemed as if that fiery orb was setting, too, into the ditch of death. Shall the hopes of civilization go down into the night of chaos never to rise again ? Shall that sun rise anon for another morrow ? If so, shall that coming day be for better or sadder conditions in the destiny of the human race ?

“Then this thought came to my mind : ‘Yes, I see the sun, but it will not remain as it appears at this moment, stationary, where millions are dying

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in a purposeless struggle, but it is passing over the sea to the land of the world's hope. It will soon cast its warm rays to bless a free and peaceful people. It will shine upon a land that has espoused the cause of freedom and independence and which loves to give rather than to take among its small neighbors.

"The spirit of America embodies the ideal upon which *all the world* should be organized. Why cannot America, which has suffered the least and profited the most, make some sacrifice to bring about a league of nations that will guarantee to all the world the benefit of the right to 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness' ?

"We are not in the stage-coach days of one hundred years ago. Those were times of individualism, parochialism and provincialism. But now the entire world has come together, like the bones in Ezekiel's prophecy. The world is a unit. Its nations no longer assert themselves. It is one living body, knit together by a nervous and arterial system of traffic and electrical wiring. The interests of all people are of common concern. The intelligence of an enlightened civilization must meet this issue, the sooner the better.

"It is well indeed to preserve national interest and to promote sectional strength but not to the injury of others. Why not do away with Militarism ? Why not pluck this thorn from the flesh as one would take guns from a desperado or from a frenzied mob ? Why cannot wars be abolished for-

ever and the children of men live in peace and good will ?

“During these meditations, I could hear the booming of the guns of death in the distance. The sound was like the rolling of thunder with intermittent crashes of the great forty-two centimeters. I looked away from the past century. My mind drifted forward another century.

“I could see a great centennial assemblage held by the nations along a front extending from Waterloo to Flanders and from Switzerland on the line of the bloodiest of battle-fields. This great multitude was summoned together by ‘the chairman of the League of Nations.’ His voice could be heard by each auditor over the perfected wireless telephone. He spoke from the Palace of the International Court, the real capitol of the world.

“Ladies and Gentlemen of the United Christian World : We have assembled a multitude to-day that no man can number—all nations, kingdoms, peoples and tongues. We are standing not before the thrones of godless idolatry as did our ancestors centuries ago, but before the throne of God. Our minds have been clothed with the white robes of unselfishness and we live to promote each other’s good.

“The new order of things brought together the wisest of the world’s representatives to settle dispute and to further peace. The nations had fought in death grip as gory-fanged bloodhounds fight, maddened by the sight of their own sanguinary

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work. They had battled until men and means were exhausted, until archaic forms of government reeled and tottered upon the very verge of extermination. Every blood-stained body politic sweltered in bankruptcy. Gaunt Poverty stalked the streets of devastated villages, the flower of whose manhood had been sacrificed upon the altar of autocracy. Widows wept in hopeless woe, mothers mourned in deepest misery, maidens sighed for lovers lost. Nor was the ghastly spectacle at an end until every battle flag was riddled into shreds, until each nation was humbled into abject helplessness.

“Then did America prove its courage, its magnificent unselfishness, not by imitating the follies of a useful though dangerous preparedness such as led to the great war, but by the wisest way. For a century and a half had America piloted the world in the cause of human liberty. Its Declaration of Independence, its Emancipation Proclamation had been mile-stones along the rough road of the destiny of men. It had stood steadfastly against those conquests, born of greed, that can mean only oppression and disgrace. Its dealings in the case of Cuba had blazed forth as a beacon for the ages, its protecting wings had sheltered its weaker sister republics beneath the Southern Cross, establishing ‘the Pan-American idea’ as a model for all time.

“After the great war came a mighty wave of righteousness over the greatest of republics; and

religion, in its purity and power, dominated every heart. Men of millions heard the call of their fellow men. Powerful agencies wrought miracles, great foundations sought everywhere in the dark places to uplift mortals from the depths, to rescue humanity from its self-digged pit. Nations there were that held back at the outset, clinging still to discredited theories of military preparedness, but enlightenment came to all ere long. Those who would have prolonged the tenure of feudal lords, of a more modern and still worse autocracy, were swept away in the onrushing tide of light and reason.

“Not alone America but all the civilized world learn the inspiring lesson that the most powerful of weapons are not carnal. The mighty factor of philanthropy, the sweet, soul-stirring song of charity, rejoiced the hearts and upraised the minds of men. The same spirit spread its beneficent course, from America, over every nation—England, which had long borne aloft the torch of freedom ; Germany, which welded supreme effort in education and solidarity ; Russia, which first proposed disarmament ; France, which fought and suffered a century for the common people.

“The heathen nations of the Orient, awakened from the dark past with its anæsthesia of superstition, looked to the Christian world for the reality and the power of Christianity. Deceived and disappointed through ages of gloom, they had called for the bread of life and had been given idols of

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Militarism and bayonets. But, after the great war, they became lands of golden promise, fertile in goodness as in fruits and flowers, and were among the foremost in disarmament. East and West, North and South, were formed irresistible, overmastering armies of righteousness to conquer the real enemies of mankind, to vanquish the cancers that for eons had eaten at the vitals of humanity—rum, drugs, vice, pride and greed. So came about and so went abroad in the fullness of its majesty, the stupendous wave of popular peace which had its source in the very fountain of Christian love.

“When the fact first dawned upon the minds of all men that world peace, absolute and unequivocal, was inevitable, the immediate realization of this ideal condition was frustrated by the bitter hatreds of the nations, one for another. Keen as had been these antipathies, commercial as well as racial, prior to the great world war, they had waxed a thousandfold more intense under the malignant influences of the supreme conflict that had proved to be the death throes of Mars.

“Great powers, never over amicably inclined in their inmost hearts towards others equally powerful, became conscious of sentiments vastly more vindictive than ever before and the desired peace was attained only after each nation had first armed itself with thoroughness unprecedented against every other nation. America was almost drawn into the overwhelming tide. Many international complications gave good cause for war but its leaders,

guided by the strong hands of forbearance and Christian fortitude, resisted the frenzy for war and established an object lesson which has since been emulated by all Christendom.

“Out of the maelstrom of malice, sucking towards its swirling vortex each individual ship of state, emerged at length the crystalline waters of peace, a majestic, irresistible flood which swept away all hatreds, all bitternesses, all national greed and monarchical arrogance, drowning them forever, disowned, disavowed, rejected, crushed, in the ocean of oblivion.

“This climax was capped by the assertion of the everlasting spirit of motherhood in the nations. Sweet sympathy made sisters of the mothers of men in every country that had shuddered under the scourge of war. Women of each land comprehended that their sorrows were reflected in the hearts of women in every other realm and this community of misery eventuated in a harmony of hearts representing a concord that the wrath of man could not oppose or even assail. The voice of every mourning mother became the voice of all; it called for peace and man could not withstand the call.

“Leaders among men, with ideals above and beyond trade and commercialism, headed the moral forces that brought the end out of due time. For nations, upon understanding the folly of war, knew that increased armaments, though ostensibly for self-defense alone, would serve only to bring wars upon the heels of other wars. This ascendancy

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of the moral aspect naturally culminated in the burial of the hatreds of diverse elements.

"The organization of the international tribunal in the Peace Palace at The Hague was an event unparalleled in the annals of time. Not long before the great war, the proposition for the erection of the Palace, this monument to everlasting peace, and the completion of the imposing edifice just at the time of the outbreak of hostilities had been hailed with more or less merriment from pole to pole. It was arrant folly, men said, waste of money, of energy and of thought, even as they had said the same things centuries before regarding the ark that Noah had builded against the coming of the deluge and the foresight that had caused the patriarch to take along upon his diluvian voyage a pair of each species of living creatures to the end that the earth might be replenished when the waters had subsided.

"Those whose derision Noah ignored, as he calmly proceeded in his ship-building, did not survive to see the wisdom of his preparedness. They perished miserably in the same flood that upbore him and his family and their motley company of lower animals in safety to the slopes of Mount Ararat. But, happily, very many of those most bitter in denunciation of the Peace Palace, most scornful in deriding what seemed to them its utter uselessness, its complete vanity, lived to view it as the birthplace of freedom from the thralldom of Militarism, as the Mecca of all peoples, all creeds,

all sentiments, the shrine of international emancipation, the seat of supernal peace, of actual good will universal.

“The formation of a League of Nations was an evolution of the United States of America. It had taken more than a century to prove that a government ‘of the people, for the people and by the people’ could endure. The American nation had its testing time. It paid a great price for its lesson of freedom. It threshed out the great problems of state sovereignty and centralized government. It established its interstate commerce and other commissions to adjust fair treatment to all nations. Although there were fifty free and independent states yet each and all were proud of their federal government and the constitution upon which it was founded. No one state had a flag of its own for which to fight. Every American pledged allegiance to the Stars and Stripes for the principles for which it stood.

“In other words, the United States in the Western hemisphere became the model of what the rest of humanity would disclose after the world war.

“The sovereignty of no nation was weakened but, as each American State preserved its integrity, so each nation maintained its efficiency and its entity while dwelling in peace with the world-wide league of nations.

“The greatest of American statesmen, including those who had occupied the presidential chair, pioneered the great campaign for universal, per-

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manent peace, and for the League of Nations for the strengthening of international law.

"The last great war in history was the breaking of the shell of the self-centred idea of nationalism from which burst into the new dawn of peace on earth. The world was then beginning to see the folly of flags to bolster mediæval thrones and engender racial hatreds. We began to see the divine love that poured out for all the world.

"Great revivals of religion arose spontaneously and, simultaneously, in all parts of the earth. The nations that had been stricken by their sons lost in war were the first to turn to Him that gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believed on Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

"Representatives, chosen by governments of every nation, assembled at The Hague and formed the League of Nations. Here was created an agreement that guaranteed to the weakest of nations the same rights and privileges claimed by the strongest.

"Reforms of every sort ever since the beginning of the universe have been accomplished, not from the top downward, but from the bottom upward. The lesson we learn from the Cross is one of upbuilding. Christ began with the lowest criminals, the outcasts, the pariahs. Pride abased itself, condescension was replaced by real humility. Then each unit of a glorious entity became stronger by reason of a perfect globe-girdling sympathy, bringing into being the tangible ideal of true democracy.

“Now people despise the thought of war lust and plunder. The greatest, most thrilling pleasure is to protect the weak, to promote righteousness in every commonwealth.

“The world that had been lost in the by-paths, returned in due course of time to the main road. The people learned again the art that had been lost—the art of loving God.”

Then the vast assemblage closed by singing, “Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow.”

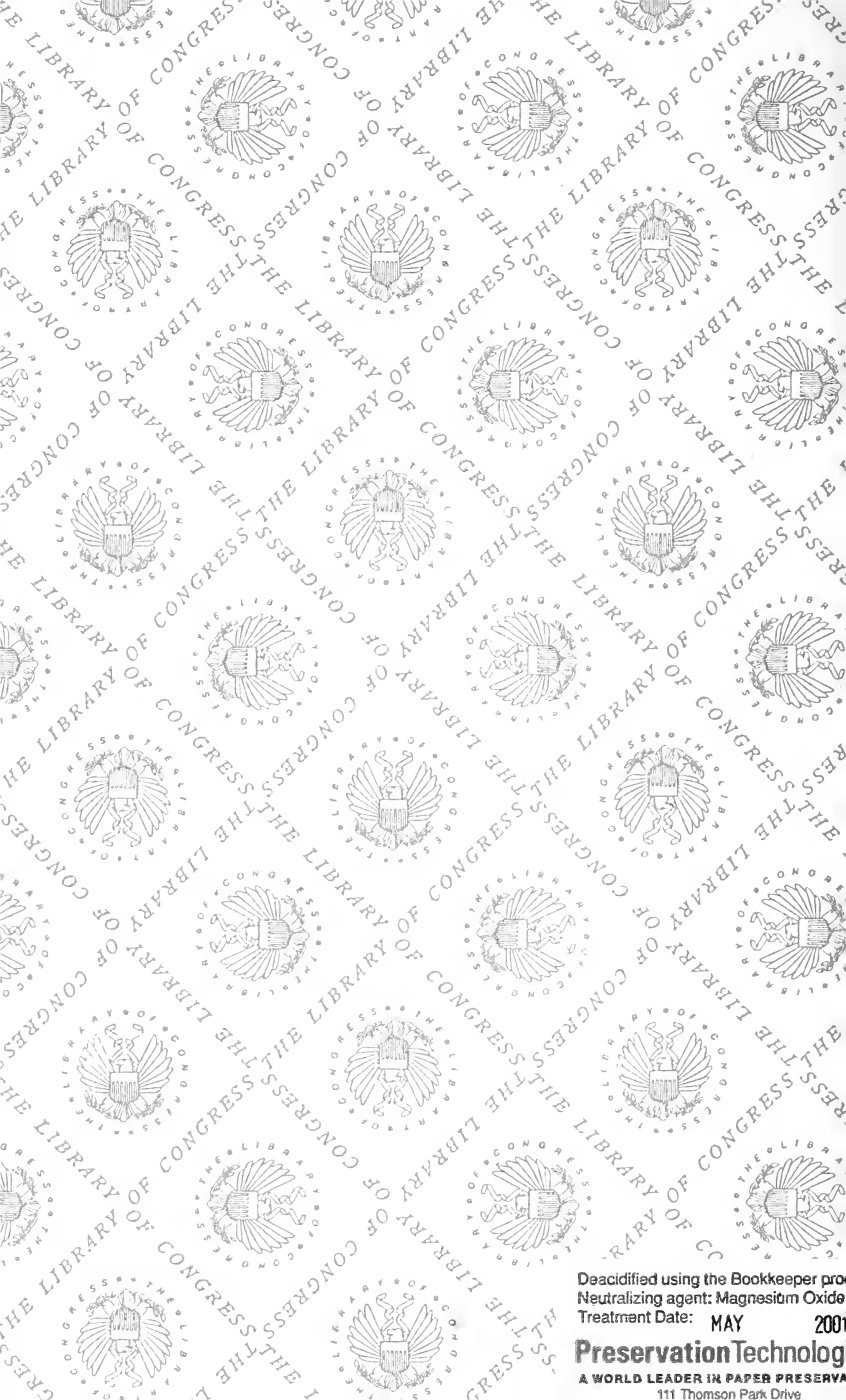
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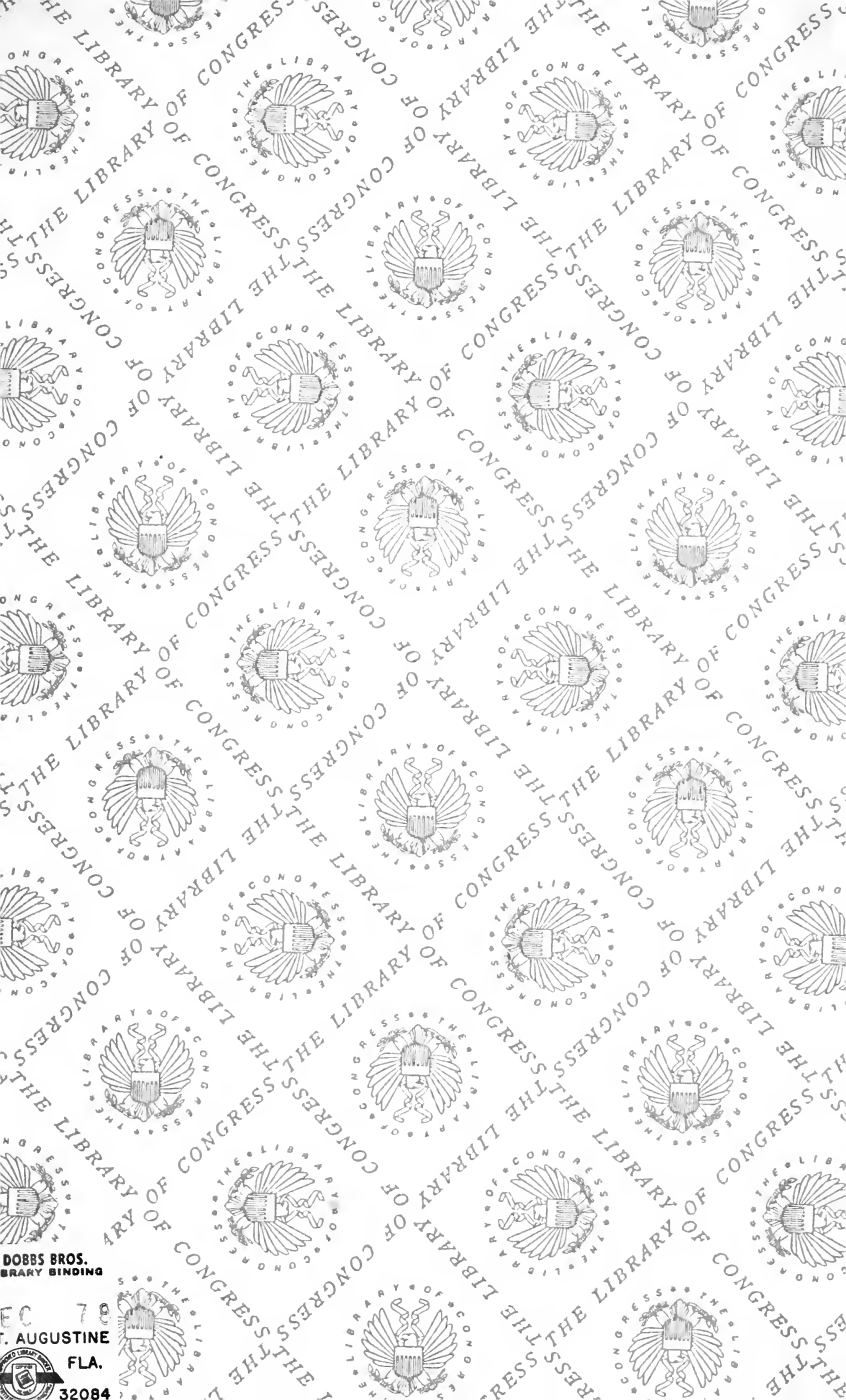




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